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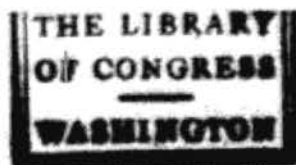
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THE COMING LIGHT

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CORA A. MORSE and EDWARD B. PAYNE, Editors

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THE COMING LIGHT

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Blood is blood which circulates;
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THE COMING LIGHT is a monthly magazine broadly humanitarian in its aims. Students of social and scientific questions, of whatever sect, party, race or creed, are welcome to its columns with contributions bearing upon the highest ideas of civilization and the vital interests of mankind.

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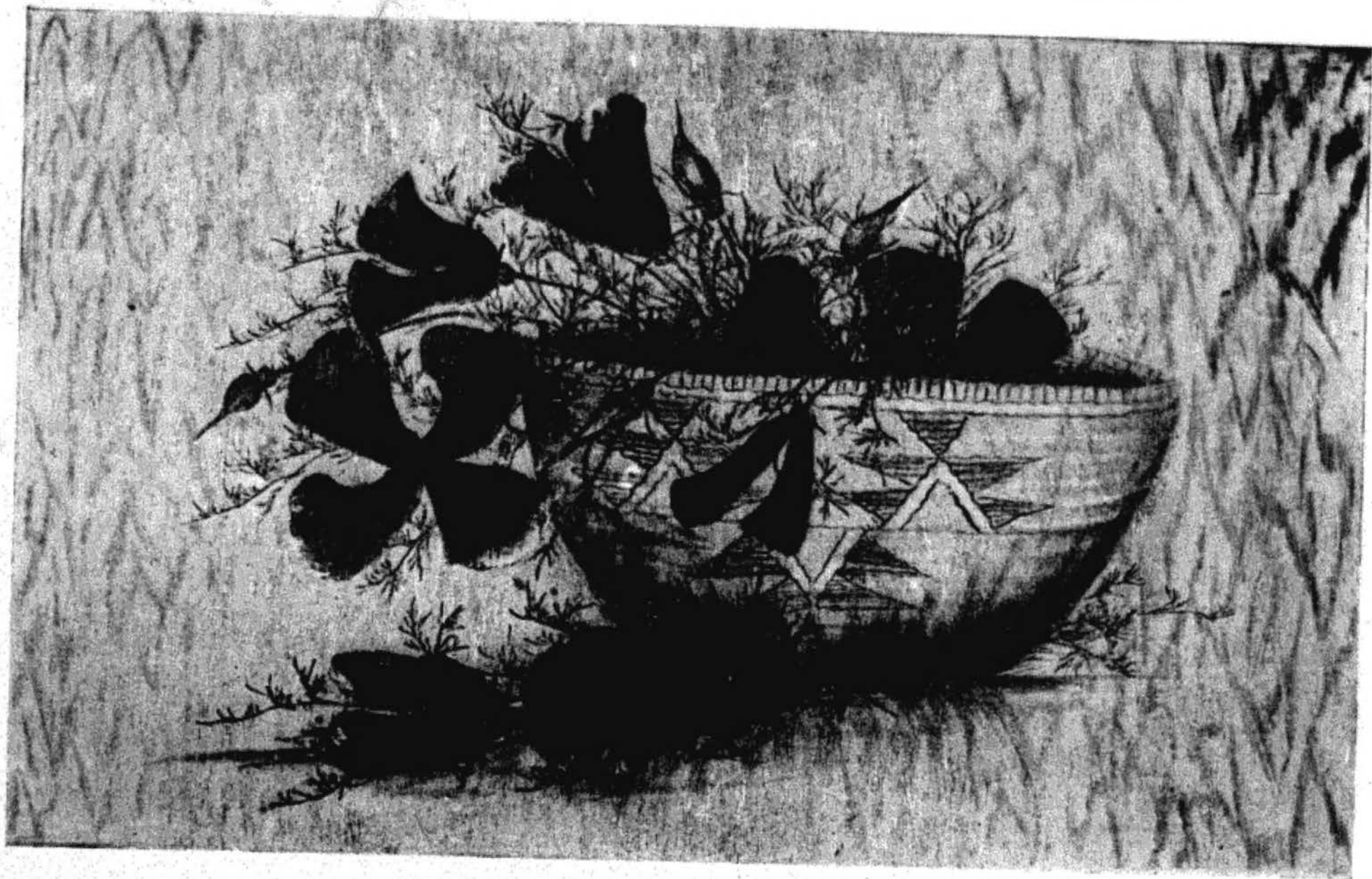
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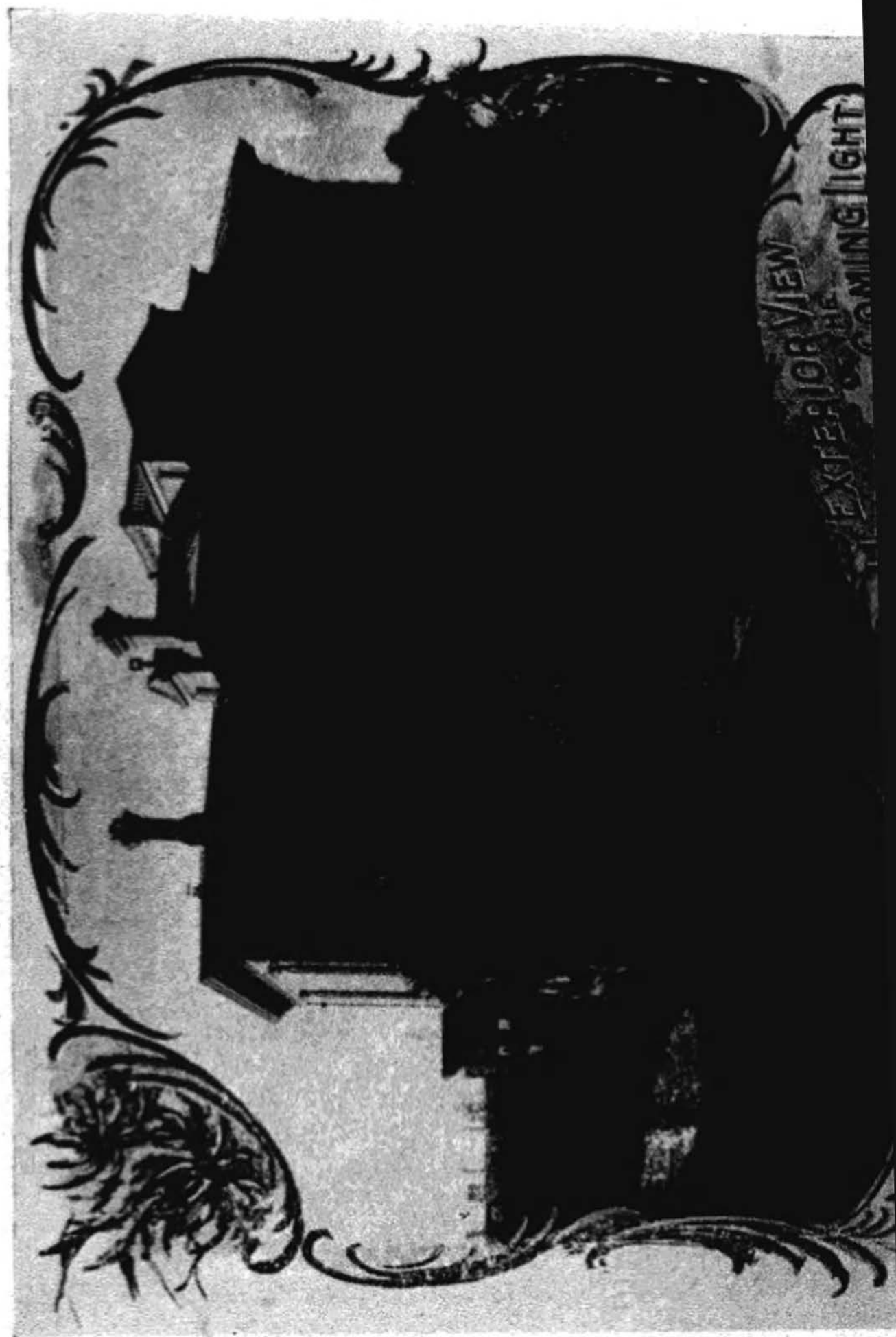
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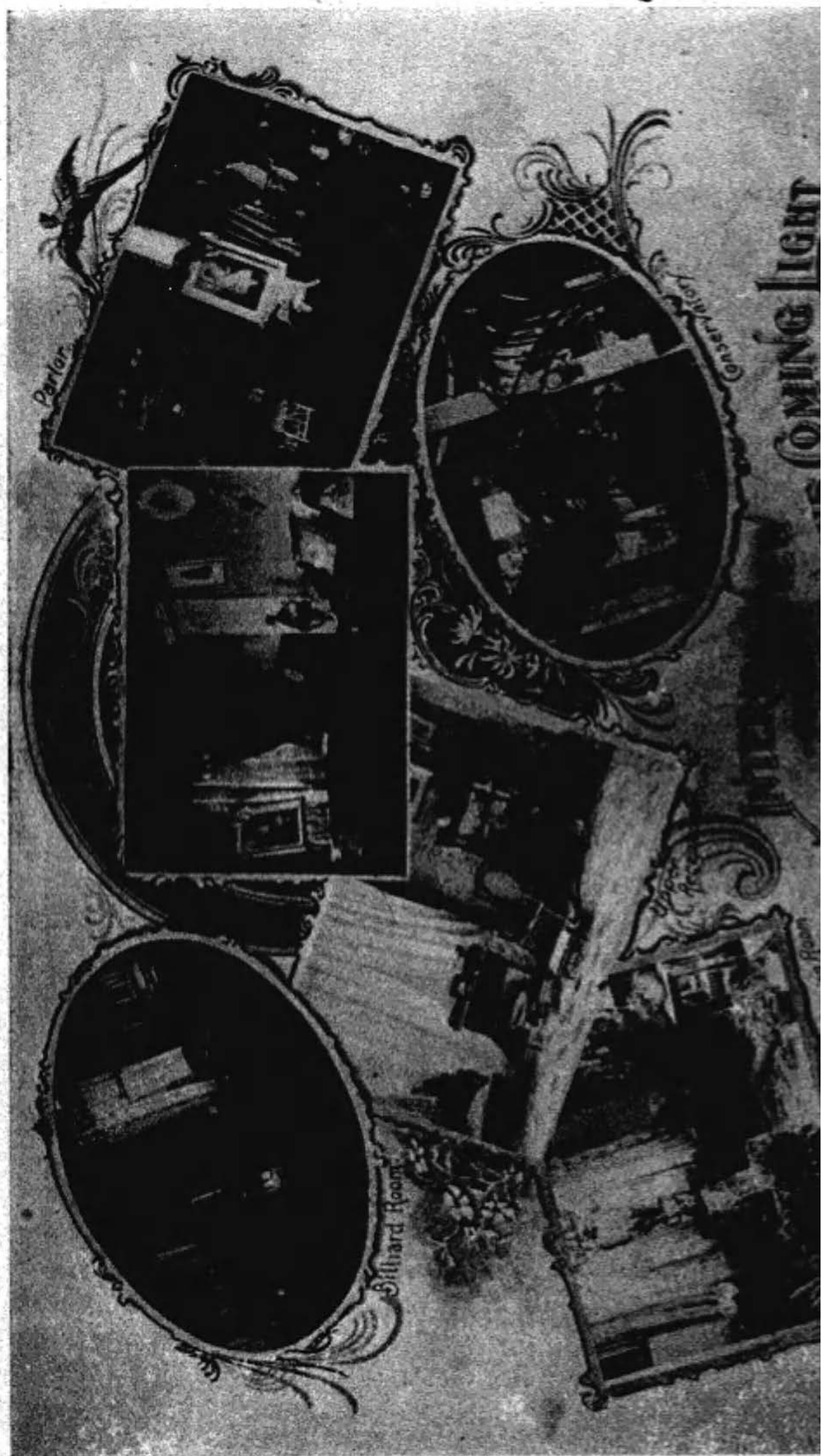
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POPPIES AND INDIAN BASKET ON YUCCA WOOD





Parlor

Conservatory

Billiard Room

COMING LIGHT



MADONNA AND CHILD.



VOL. 4

DECEMBER 1898

NO. 1

A LEGEND OF THE SWALLOW AND THE WILD THYME.

From the German of F. W. WEBER. Translated for THE COMING LIGHT by
E. RITCHIE.

A trivial tale o' the swallow and the wild thyme,
That oft of old the village women spinning
O' winter nights would lovingly relate,
And at the well in summer to the children ;
'Tis simple as the simple village people
Of days gone by. Now they are wise, too wise.—

Ten moons the little Jesus-child had seen
When that his mother, she whom we call blest,
With him from Nazareth to Hebron fared,
That lies within the mountain land of Judah.
Elizabeth, her pious kin, she listed
To hail, that she might proudly present
The Babe that God upon her had bestow'd.

It was in lovely May. The field of corn
Was in the ear; the purple grapes did swell
And fruitful promise did the fig tree give.
Full toilsome was the way, 'neath burning sun,
That upward led, or downward, by steep hill sides;
And as the day declined, the mother mild,
Her rosy child in arms, dismayed, did seek
Around for manor or for cot to shelter:
In vain; for naught was there but barren mountains
And as she stood and thought, afar there came
Up from the vale a streamlet's sound; with haste
She sped adown the meadowland and wond'ring
A garden's iron-studded gateway hail'd
That led unto a Roman's country mansion.

She tim'rous glanced within and in amazement
Perceived the marble fount, the crystal shower
Of babbling spring, the rows of stately pillars
With bronzen figures, and alarmed, the laughter
Did mark of swarms of slaves, those burly idlers
That bold and shameless at the stranger pointed:
When forth into the court a fighter fared,
A giant bold, one of the Northmen wild,
Who silence did create with word and fist.

The mother of our Lord her steps retraced,
And by the wall she went, until a postern
To bush and flow'rb'd entrance did present.
There bloom'd in glowing sheen a motley blow
Of richly colored tulips and narcissi,
Of stately lilies, lofty fritillaries.

"Ye beauteous flowers," quoth the weary dame,
"May I beside ye with my child repose?"
"How bold thou art," indignantly the tulip
Replied, and threw her haughty head in air.
"Thou wouldest thus my gorgeous garment ruin!"

And from the night-wing bush and leaf do guard;
Around thy couch four angels are thy guardians,
The moon with all the stars keeps watch above.
Now sleep, I'll waken thee whene'er the sunbeam
Doth cooling dew from blade and umbel kiss."

Then Mary did her snowy mantle spread
Beneath the fig tree upon fragrant wild thyme;
She hid and swathed her child with love maternal,
Her ev'ning pray'r she trustful breathed and slept;
Around her couch four angels were her guardians;
The moon and all the stars kept watch above.

And as the morning sun with earliest beam
The cooling dew did kiss from blade and umbel,
There warbled forth the swallow from the tree top:
"Awake, thou blessed one! The lark doth greet
Thee and the day with his most lovely song!"

The pious mother kissed her precious child;
She thanked for kindly Heaven's gracious care,
And to the wild thyme thus she spake: "Sweet herb,
May God reward thee for this rest and peace!
Henceforth from wound and pain be strong to heal,
By huntsman highly prized, by skillful shepherds.
Now blossom fuller, sweeter fragrance breathe
To weary farer, who by way and wold
Doth shelter seek, and at the hour of noon-tide
Doth on thy pillow lay his fever'd head."
Abash'd, the lowly herb herself inclined
And whispered low: "So poor and mean am I,
That thanks from thee do shame me, gracious one!"

Then spake the mother blest: "Thou kindly swallow,
From this day forth a charmed life be thine
For evermore! Be welcome when thou com'st,
A gladly greeted guest in cot and manor;

And when thou takest leave of cot and court,
Be listed back e'en as a yearn'd-for friend.
Thrice happy be the house upon whose rafters
Thy nest thou build'st, but woe betide the host
Who thee doth scare. Now, fly, for nought can tide thee!"

The swallow paused to hear. Then forth she shot
Unto the sister band, that faring North,
In nearest grove e'en then did linger for her,
And all that had befallen did relate
With hasty prattle, to her fellow farers:
"Nought can betide us, sisters, nought betide us!"
And altogether sang: "Nought can betide us!"
And sped with joy into the wide, wide world.

Henceforth became the blessed mother's wand'rings
A precious legend 'mong the swallow kindred,
That pass'd as heritage from race to race
Throughout the centuries, from land to land
Unto the lands, where from the Weser-wood
Down to the silvan Rhine there highest shoots
A giant bunch of flow'rs, the German oak tree.

And so it came to pass that Friderun,
The Saxon peasant, Wulfhart's fair haired child
In summer sunshine at the linden tree
Before her portal sat and garlands wove
Of speedwell, and of wild thyme, and of gentian.
And as she deftly leaf and flow'r united,
Above her did she mark a lively chatt'ring,
A whisp'ring and a chirping wondrous strange:
For in the boughs the mother swallow held
Sweet converse with her latest brood and sang:
"The wild thyme has been blest, but we, no ill
Can tide us, children, nought can tide us!"
Then prattling much did she resume her story,

How once i' the Holy Land the mother mild
Was gracious to the wild thyme and the swallow.

That was so strange! The little one did wonder;
She sprang into the house to tell her mother
What she had heard. By eventide 'twas known
O'er all the court. By next day, lo! 'twas bruited
O'er all the thorpe, and soon o'er all the land.

And now where'er a wayside cross doth stand,
Each child upon red earth doth welcome
The summer messenger with russet breast
As Lord God's Swallow, and the lowly wild thyme,
Since then, our Lady's bed-straw do they name.

A trivial tale with neither worth nor wit:
'Tis simple as the simple village people,
Yet thoughtful as the simple village people
Of days gone by. Now are they wise, too wise.



trial Movement, in this country, has its place and work. It has a mission. It is but one phase of that struggle for a larger life that has been going on from the beginning until now.

When I say "Industrial Movement," I mean all that may be included under that term in the way of better organization, larger remuneration, extension of leisure, more favorable surroundings,—all that is attempted to ameliorate the condition and brighten the prospects of those who toil with their hands.

This movement is often misunderstood, and criticised from a mistaken standpoint. Sometimes it is regarded as nothing but a blind and violent onset against capital. Sometimes it is regarded as an unseemly scramble for more money; sometimes as a mean attempt to evade work and responsibility. Now, while every movement has in it the insincere and hypocritical who use it as a means of gaining their selfish ends; while every movement is attended by mistakes on the part of those who are most sincere,—these things in themselves must not condemn it; for they are, after all, but the eddies beside the stream and the driftwood upon its bosom,—while the current is set true and strong towards the sea. A deeper study of this particular movement will show that down beneath everything else is *the desire for a larger life, a richer and nobler existence*,—the desire on the part of the toiler to make his own life more worth the living. The movement is at bottom intellectual and moral, in spite of its material aspects. Behind it is an impulse divine,—such as we find behind the germ in the rough coating of the seed, when it begins to break its barriers and push upward, displacing the particles of earth and causing commotion in the soil, only because it is working its way towards the larger freedom of the air and the greater glory of the sun.

II.

There has been, in recent years, a growing sense of the

worth of man as man. This sentiment is, in the last analysis, responsible for what we call the Industrial and Social Movement.

For ages the working man was a slave; for added centuries, a serf; in the first days of the application of steam to industrial purposes he was simply a part of the machine. We are now beginning to see more clearly that he is a man, sharing in the common passions, capacities and ambitions of mankind.

With this change has come or is coming—for it is not quite here—a *change in our ideas of the end for which society exists.* The view that has prevailed hitherto and that still, for most part, holds the field, is that *society exists for the largest production of wealth.* That community is supposed to be the most prosperous which has the largest mills and factories, the greatest number of railroads centering in it, the most extensive stores, the richest private dwellings, the largest banking business. It is related of a Bombay dealer in curios that he one day placed in his window a Chinese Joss, labeled "Heathen Idol," and side by side with it he placed a five-dollar gold piece, labeled "Christian Idol." This latter idolatry is far more dangerous than the former.

The other and better view is that *society exists for the care and culture of men and women.* That community is the best, the most prosperous, which best succeeds in the production of character. The creation of wealth is not an end in itself; it is to furnish means of cultivation and happiness. The real value of a man is not his productive capacity, but his intellectual and moral worth to the community. The glory of a city is not its stately buildings or its racketing industries, but the quality of its men and women. One such man as Socrates or Paul far outweighs a Croesus or a Midas. The security of a nation is not its armies and navies; but the intelligence, freedom, and prosperity of its citizens. Equal and exact justice,—so far as human fallibility can attain it,—is the only sure foundation for a State! And

armies and navies exist only to secure the ends of justice and humanity. Among the last utterances of James Russell Lowell were these words:

"What we want is an active class who will insist in season and out of season, that we shall have a country whose greatness is measured, not only by its square miles, its number of yards woven, of hogs packed, of bushels of wheat raised, not by its skill to feed and clothe the body, but also by its power to feed and clothe the soul; a country which shall be as great morally as it is materially; a country whose name shall not only, as now it does, stir us as with the sound of a trumpet, but shall call out all that is best within us by offering us the radiant image of something better and nobler and more enduring than we, of something that shall fulfill our own thwarted aspirations when we are but a handful of forgotten dust."

III.

If we are to have this new ideal, if we are to have more intelligence, better developed men and women, *there must be a sufficient extension of leisure.*

Hence one phase of the struggle for a larger life has been the effort to win from the toil and drudgery of the day a few more hours for higher pursuits. There has been measureable progress in this direction. General Walker brands as the "poorest sort of pessimistic nonsense, the brutal idea that the only way to keep workingmen out of mischief is to keep them at work; that there is danger in every moment they are not upon the treadmill."

Owing to two causes, the sentiment of humanity and the wide use of machinery, there has been a gradual reduction of the working day. In 1820, in this country, the hours of toil were fourteen. When it was proposed to shorten this working day there was opposition. It was objected that capital would be unprofitable. The same objection was made when it was proposed to take little children out of the factories in Massachusetts. But the day was shortened, the children were taken out, and none of the ominous forebodings were realized. The obstacles that lie dark in the path of human progress are only the black shadows of our own fears. The course of legislation has, since 1820, been in the direction of shorter hours. In many states the day has been

cut down to nine hours, and in others to eight. In the workshops of our national government an eight hour day prevails. In 1892 Commodore Folger declared that "in the Washington Navy Yard he was turning out cheaper and better guns under eight hours work per day than contractors were doing under a ten hour system," and added that "for work of a high grade, the eight hour system produced splendid results." In Australia the eight hour day was introduced in 1855, and so satisfactory has been its operation, that the day of its introduction is celebrated as we celebrate the Fourth of July. The chief officials of state and city, as well as leading manufacturers and merchants, participate in the celebration. Private firms and corporations in this country and others have adopted the shorter day.

We are, however, not insisting on a day of any specified length, but upon the broad ethical principle that *the worker is entitled to time for the cultivation of his home life and his intellect*. And we insist that business men need time for these purposes too. In the house of many a day laborer and many a man of affairs alike, the children have not risen when he leaves for the shop or the office and have been sent to bed before he returns. Many a man to-day is simply *boarding* with his family; he does not *live* with them. This is evil and only evil continually. Therefore the struggle for increase of leisure is one part of the greater struggle for a larger life.

IV.

But this is not the whole of the story. If the one supreme end and aim of society is the care and culture of men and women, not only does the question of time enter into the problem, but the question of *environment* as well.

Another part, therefore, of the struggle for a larger life is the struggle for better surroundings, for better outward conditions.⁸ Charles Kingsley says: "The spiritual can not be intended to be perfected by ignoring or crushing the physical, unless God is a deceiver, and his universe a self-contradiction."

diction." Prof. Henderson has written: "A clearer vision from a loftier elevation reveals the fact that the nobler race will be better fed, clothed, housed, taught, entertained." What are some of the outward conditions that must give way before this struggle for a larger life?

1. First of all, I mention *the tenement house evil* that afflicts so many of our great cities. The struggle for a larger life has already begun to tell against this great bulwark of iniquity, but much remains to be done. Associations of philanthropists and private individuals have begun to erect model tenements in our great cities,—tenements into which the air and sunlight enter; but more, many more are needed. It is still true that "the sun never shines in the sleeping-rooms of three-quarters of the people in New York City;" that "there are scores of horrible, pestilential rat-holes which are utterly unfit for human habitation; that in some of our American cities, "the population is nearly twice as dense as in the most crowded part of London;" and that "nowhere on the wide earth are human beings so crowded as in the tenement districts." The condition of things in many places justifies the strong words of Tennyson:

"Is it well that while we range with Science, glorying in the time,
City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?
There among the glooming alleys, Progress halts on palsied feet.
Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousand on the street.
There the master scrimps his haggard sempstress of her daily bread.
There a single sordid attic holds the living and the dead.
There the smouldering fire of fever creeps across the rotted floor
And the crowded couch of incest in the warrens of the poor!"

Can we look for the highest type of manhood and womanhood in these crowded, filthy, slimy, polluted, pestilential and festering tenements? here where dumb and palsy-ing despair settles even upon the nimble heart of childhood?

2. We have dwelt on the struggle for leisure, for better homes; and now we must speak of the struggle for better conditions under which to perform the labor required.

The course of legislation has been in the direction of

world waits to-day is to be found in the lives of those who profess to believe in Him.

V.

Thus have I endeavored to sketch some of the salient points in the struggle for a larger life that has been going on through the years, and that goes on to-day.

We are in this world,—not to crush or be crushed by each other. We are to grow into the image and likeness of all that is good, and to promote that same growth in our fellows. We are here to remove hindrances and open opportunities. We are here to toil, indeed; and most of us must toil on to the end; but toil is itself so to be adjusted and administered that it shall not dwarf and kill the higher life, but help it.

It is manifest that men everywhere are rising into a new sense of their dignity and power. The rapid growth of the republican spirit among the nations is an evidence. The struggle for a larger life in our own land is another evidence. There are both indications that the spirit of God is still in the world and that society is not to be left in stagnant quietude and immobility. There is opportunity and work for liberal churches thus afforded. Liberal thought is the religious side of democracy. We have dethroned the tyrant of the heavens and have affirmed an immortal worth in his meanest subject. We are pledged against all forms of oppression in the next world, and by that same token are bound to resist injustice in this world. We believe that the time will come when the most soiled and ignorant spirit will unfold into starry whiteness; and by that very belief are we pledged to care for the present conditions of its unfolding. We are confident of eternity; let us not be unmindful of time.

CO-EDUCATION.

FROM THE GIRL'S STANDPOINT.

BY WINNIFRED HARPER.



It is said in one of our oldest books of education,—“By their fruits shall ye know them,” and were we to judge the co-educational colleges by the class and quality of their students I believe the results would be satisfactory, and theorizing would cease; but, as higher education of any sort has been permitted woman for so short a period, and, in consequence, all systems are somewhat experimental, we may pardon a desire of the conservative element to in-

vestigate.

If the evils alleged of co-education were consistent, or of the same order, one might hope to overcome them in the course of time, with the assistance of human logic, but when one division of objectors utters a weeping protests that “mixing young men and women in Universities enables the latter to see so much of the former that they do not care to marry them” (!)—and on the other hand it is asserted that co-educational colleges are mere “match factories,” what can one say to answer both arguments! One is forced to use the expediency of the agent for bicycles, who confidently asserts “They will make fat people thin, and thin people fat!” To those who fear the marriage list is to be reduced,

if girls are allowed a close acquaintance with the "superior" sex, we can only say, "Don't be so severe on the boys—some of them will bear the test of constant companionship!" While to those who fear too much sentiment, we would humbly suggest that young people between eighteen and twenty-four occasionally marry, in cities! Seriously, there is nothing that so effectually does away with mawkish sentiment as free, normal association of young folk, with common aims, ambitions, and tasks. If men and women are associated in every other sphere in life,—if they have gone through high schools together, at the so-called "silly age," why should they suddenly be separated for the four most valuable years of their intellectual life?

In women's colleges the girls think about the boys, write to them, and live only from vacation to vacation; in mixed colleges they have them constantly near, study with them, are inspired by them.

In the long run, men are more ambitious than women, the latter realizing that their intellectual work is apt to be interrupted by their own deliberate choice of the domestic life,—so that the stimulus afforded by the far-seeing aspirations of the boys is most effective. The peculiar element is, that in college girls are even better students than boys,—as if they realized that their time was short, while the men knew that a long journey was before them, and they might easily rest by the way. If a boy friend wins a debate, you naturally attempt a prize story; if he makes the football team, you become active in archery; if he excels in chemistry, you become perfect in philosophy,—while nothing can excel the pure pleasure of editing the college magazine together!

In University life there is no worldliness to corrupt,—most students are poor,—in any case the life is simple and systematic. In female seminaries, with the inevitable boarding and military school around the corner,—there are perpetual scandals; in co-educational colleges one is never known. The co-educational youth is not fired with a chivalrous

desire to elope from a three-story window; it is so much more satisfactory to go wheel-riding by moonlight, with a girl, or read *Goethe* and *Dante* in the parlor, with a box of candy for company! In many large universities and all the State ones, co-education flourishes, and their faculties would be surprised if questioned as to possible misdemeanor among the students.

A frivolous society girl once said to me, "O I don't disapprove of co-education, for those who care for it, but of course I think it would be awful for the boys and girls to sit together in classrooms!"

"Why is it such a heinous crime to sit in the same room with boys whom you accompany to balls alone in a carriage, go boating with, and associate freely with in every social pleasure?" I replied.

While we never admit that man's intellect is of a superior quality, it is certainly different from,—one may say is complementary to—woman's, so that the training of the two side by side can only lead to the finest possible development for both.

Education has grown to mean so much more than mere book-learning, that the effect of the personel of a faculty at college, as well as of the student body, in the formation of character, must be computed. Social life at a University, while in the nature of things simple, still brings the men and women professors, the boys and girls, into intimate and delightful relations, all having kindred aims and aspirations. To conservative objectors we can only say, with *Lowell*, "the cure for freedom's abuses, is in its uses"—or with another great thinker, "the remedy for too much freedom is—more freedom!" With freedom comes responsibility, and and surely nothing is more valuably for one to learn young than responsibility,—to society, to morality, and to one self! In modern *ethics* the last thing to promote good conduct is restraint.

For generations women have struggled to obtain the

privileges that are considered the natural rights and duties of men. The worst feature of the desire for the educational and industrial privileges is the ignorant derision of those who persist in the theory that such advantages will detract from womanliness; no woman breathes who does not shrink at the thought of losing that charming femininity, extolled by poets, since poets there were; but as one by one the superstitions and prejudices are eradicated, and woman is seen to shine forth in all her pristine loveliness and grace, the enlightened of the human race learn to accept the next step in her development, with a little less persecution.

Great strides in tolerance have been made since the persecutions of *Aspasia*, who tried to broaden the wifedom of Greece, who dared to assert that a woman might with propriety walk beyond her own walls of home, and might even converse with her husband and his friends on topics of literature and art. If nothing else had shown contemporary Greeks the wisdom of *Aspasia*, one would think that the fact that she was the only woman in Athens who could win and retain the love of *Pericles*, the greatest man in all his time, would serve to show that intellect in woman is even superior to beauty. Through the helpful comradeship of this, the foremost woman of Athens, the loftiest ruler was enabled to find it brick; and leave it marble, and through the sweet and intelligent co-operation of woman has every great man since found himself twice a man to achieve,—endowed with man's will and woman's intuition!

Thus has the day arrived in our great republic, when we, its youth, wish and demand to be educated side by side, that Senator Leland Stanford's aphorism, "*A liberal education is the birthright of every American citizen*," may be everywhere carried out, and men and women may go hand in hand in toil and aspiration, from the cradle to the grave!

CO-EDUCATION.

FROM THE MAN'S STANDPOINT.

BY GEORGE ELIOT COOLEY.



IN the smaller both-sex colleges that much caricatured species, the "co-ed," is accepted as a fact. The great gentile world may surmise, as it will, as to what she is within the "temples of learning," and may even work itself into a passion over its own conjectures, but the chosen people in the sanctuary seldom, if ever, question her right to be there.

To the man student the "co-ed" is simply a girl, or possibly "one of the girls," depending more or less on his point of view and the peculiar individual he is viewing. To him she is not abstract; she is neither the "old" nor the "new" woman. The situation in which he finds her, and the field where they are associated together, very effectually minimize the force of any single adjective to adequately describe her; and the terms applied to her by the alarmed old women, of either sex, are perfectly inane. Sometimes, for example, she is lovely, sometimes unlovely; sometimes she is sweet, sometimes not; oftentimes she is versatile and broad, but sometimes unaccomplished and narrow; many times she is bright and attractive, but occasionally stupid and uninteresting; frequently she is original and independent, seldom vapid and helpless. In truth she is as varied as the individuals of the institutions which harbor her presence. The young women will pardon me the figure

if I say, that the "co-ed" is as differentiated as horses are,—some can spin off a mile at a ten-second clip, others are only fitted for the plow! Any Procrustean attempt to censure her is futile and unsatisfactory. She runs the whole gamut of human types from the vain, deceitful, shallow butterfly maiden, fresh from boarding school, to the coldly severe and astutely dignified senior of intellectual poise and eye-glasses.

Let it be said, however, that she is not that abnormal, gum-chewing, football-kicking, cigarette-smoking, baseball-playing, mannish creature she is so often pictured and represented to be. Now and then, some wayward "freshman girl" may justify the gender of that adjective by trying some of these tricks, and even an upper-class girl may, "on the sly," attempt to taste these forbidden fruits, but, so far as I am aware, none of them become confirmed in such habits. The "co-ed" does not drink, smoke a pipe, or swear, but she persistently uses slang, and occasionally gossips!

On the whole she is a better average student than the man, though less given to specializing. She is much more concerned about pleasing him than he is about pleasing her, possibly the race-training of the centuries accounts for this. But comparisons either within or without the classroom serve no purpose.

The value of the association of both sexes, in study and discipline, at this important period of development is variously estimated. But from those intelligently informed, I have never heard anything but commendation of the system. Aside from a cynic, here and there, I think the beneficial results of co-education are acknowledged by all who have attended mixed colleges.

Education is more and more understood to be a means toward an end; that end being the highest and most perfect development of the individual. So far, in the evolution of the race, human conditions have been such that the highest development of the man has been most specifically considered, and that of the woman neglected. It is no just cause

for complaint that this *has been* so, but now that we see the need of the completer development, wisdom urges it and expediency commands it. In the anthropomorphic view of God man has said, "be ye perfect even as your *Father* in heaven." But the true race development must be on the maternal as well as the paternal side.

How can this more comprehensive development come sooner or more intelligently than by both sexes being associated in the halls of learning? There are those who yet will cry for the cloister and urge women to veil their faces. For what? For the sake of custom and conventionality! So, too, the harem is a custom in some places, and conventionality compels some squaws to strap their papooses on their backs! Others plead for "sweet simplicity and childlike innocence." These are beautiful qualities in the blush of unfolding childhood, but in maturity childhood's simplicity becomes silly shallowness, and childlike innocence is unjustified ignorance. So long as we have hearts to feel, and minds to perceive, we need little fear that woman will lose that "glory all her own." Not even the sordid conditions of the under current of social life can make woman miss that yearning; will high, intelligent womanhood? The true woman does not admire man as her worshiping slave, nor does she respect him as an arrogant master.

The intelligent man does not care for woman as a frail, clinging creature, sad, sorrowful, or silly; and much less does he relish the bold Amazon. Each desires in the other an intellectual companionship, refined by true culture.

There are a few "co-eds," as well as men, who only gain a superficial culture. However, the associations of the co-educational university make most girls sane and sensible. The girl student does not get that so-called culture, which is only a fancied urbane indolence or frivolous elegance, where she may imagine herself a pet. It is rather the culture which combines sensible insight into affairs, with genuine good taste and sincerity. She knows men as they *are*, not as she

captious persons, ignorant of facts, or from misguided misanthropes.

The co-education of the sexes refines manners, clarifies morals, and strengthens intellect; it emancipates both men and women, at a critical formative period of development, from the bondage of a conventionality that has served its purpose. To both sexes it brings a frankness, a sympathy, a strength and a self poise, which must bless mankind. And it will help usher in the glad day of truly intellectual companionships, based on that mutual respect, honor and admiration which ought forever to exist between man and woman.



THE HUMANITY OF GOD.

BY E. M. WHEELLOCK.


THE path to God and the path to man are alike. It is a common path. If we would find Deity we must seek Him where he is always to be found—in human nature. His chosen seat and shrine is the heart of man. His true temple is man. "If a man say, I love God, and loves not his brother, that man's religion is vain."

"Love God in man; He asks no more;
He only doth his God adore
Who loves his brother evermore."

The belief that love to God is a distinct thing from love to man, a thing independent of and separated from the hearty and earnest love we should extend to man, is a dreary religious error. The result is that while God is supposed to be served, mankind goes unserved; while gorgeous buildings are erected for what is called divine worship, the homes of men—of men who are themselves the temples of the living God—are allowed to become dens of filth and fever; priests are exalted and the people are oppressed; the supposed Mother of God is worshiped while the real mothers of men are degraded by the contrast.

We should hold religion by the end that is nearest to us, and the near end of religion is man. He was made to show divinity in space and time. Outside of him there is no manifestation of the divine Personality; "he that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." That is to say, the religion of Christ means the finding of God in man. It is the serving and loving of God in the serving and loving of man. The only God into whose face men ever looked wore the face of a needy and suffering man, a man weighted with grief and sorrow for the needless, self-inflicted miseries of mankind. In the

course of his spiritual evolution man ceases to despise the day of small things, and finds the great God of the universe in the form of a man no larger than himself. The time is at hand when from the present chaos of clashing creeds and sects the new social order will emerge, as John saw it, of multitudes, peoples, nations and tongues—the great divine commune of organized humanity, quickened by the energies of the God-life in the flesh. Then will a “nation be born in a day,” and all will find the God who is every moment incarn-



A CHRISTMAS MELODY.

FAITH.

Faith is in the cradle,
Hush ! let us wait !
Soon these lids will open—
A glance that readeth fate.
When this child awaketh
Wondrous things shall be—
What man's sense ne'er seeth
The soul of man shall see ;
And in this vision clear
Heaven shall seem near,
And God's light shining here.

HOPE.

Hope is in the cradle,
And blue its infant eyes,
As if forsooth they borrowed
Tint of the doming skies :
Ever they look upward,
Ever they see the best—
Vision of coming triumphs
To calm the heart's unrest.
Hark ! hear the child-voice say
"To-morrow excelleth to-day,
So shall it be alway."

LOVE.

Love is in the cradle,
Angels sing its birth :
The hour is charged with blessing
For thee, O happy earth !
Rise, child ! and swing thy scepter,
Reign for God o'er men,
Bear all, dare all, and fail not
Till Eden come again.
In thee, O gracious Love,
We see, as from above,
The Spirit like a dove.

—E. B. P.



CORA A. MORSE.

THE MESSENGER.

BY CORA A. MORSE.

THERE had been a week of years, these days that lengthen almost into centuries when the burden of them seems too great to bear.

The woman lay prostrate, in spirit calling upon the heavens to stretch forth a helping hand. Hope was well nigh exhausted, strength was failing, and faith in God was sending a flickering ray like a "will 'o the wisp," or the fluctuating light of the glow-worm. The woman moaned, and only the wind replied.

Another week of years lay before her. At her feet the surging sea of pushing, pressing duty was rolling. No bridge spanned it, she must sink or swim. Overhead the clouds of despair darkened and thickened until their shadows chilled her upturned face and gave to it the ghastly pallor of death. On either side stretched the stubble fields of toil, as far as the eye could reach. She was sitting now with disheveled hair, wind-tossed and gray. Retrospectively she wandered over the years from babyhood to the present hour. She counted the ambitions thwarted, the promises unfulfilled, the graves where love lay bleeding, the hours of loneliness, the unrecompensed effort, and, worse than all, the undeveloped soul within her rising in rebellion at the tasks imposed upon her in life's gathering twilight that should be free from anxiety and care. Her face grew haggard as she rocked to and fro. Her eyes grew cold as steel; no tears came to relieve the heart-break. Her form trembled with the emotion which surged through her soul, and she moaned and moaned again, "I will *not* go forward, I will *not* wait, life's purpose must be fulfilled *now*, the light *must* come, else I will in the darkness cast myself into the sea. Or I will tear my feet on the

stubbles until the blood stains are all there is left to show that I have lived. Or I will sink myself in those cloud billows and smother out my breath. I hate my very existence—I *will* not, I *dare* not, live another week of years. The way *must* open to the East. These clogs to my feet must become wings to lift me. Comradeship with misery must cease. My promised inheritance of peace must become a possession. I have run the race for all things save the peace that abideth forever;" and she threw her arms heavenward, calling and moaning because no light came.

Sleep fell upon her at length, restoring her features to semblance of rest, but the peace she prayed for tarried. The quiet of the holy day was all about her, but no note of its harmony reached her. Barrenness was the heart's pavilion, and the rest that stole upon her was that from physical weariness. The restless soul thought on. Monday's tasks loomed mountain high as she opened her eyes to survey again the path of accustomed duty. "To-day must bring my answer," she said. "I will go no further until the way is plain." Nevertheless she took up the threads where they fell from her tired fingers yesterday, and went on fashioning the wonderful garment of experience. The sick and sorrowing came to her for help and comfort. She spoke them the peace she craved for herself and bent her back to their burdens.

The mid-day sun had poured his fierce heating beams along the sky, and was beginning to wane in strength, when lo! the Lord of life sent his messenger! Apollo had bequeathed his form, the dancing light shimmered in the silvery threads of his hair, the blue of heaven shone soothingly from his eyes that were lighted by star-dust and fire-mist old as the eternal years. Some flecks of crimson sunrise splashed his cheeks and lips, his voice soft as the notes of a flute called her, his arms opened to receive her, and his name—was *Love*. A touch of his hand, a throb of his mighty heart, so great that it stirred with single pulse all life from

amœboid to brain cell, related the weary worker to the spirit of life universal. Its mystical throb swept new currents of hope and faith into the channels well nigh empty. The melody which "fills the dome of creations round" broke, billow after billow, upon the starved senses. Light poured from every avenue of brain and body in heavenly recompense, as the Angel of Peace drew near and kissed her eyes into tenderness, crowning her with that sanctified thing all nature worships, *The Creative Fire*, that spark of life divine which moulds all form and moulds the destinies of human-kind as well. And the woman lifted her head from love's bosom and left the place where they had erstwhile been standing, and stood once more alone. Her face was illumined now and full of beauty. Recognition of the power which blessed her was like an unspoken command that rifted the clouds and beckoned the sunlight through, that calmed the turbulent sea with its "Peace, be still," that called the cowslips and daisies from the sod as coverlets for the stubble-field, that freed the shackled limbs and sent a flood of life bounding through her to meet the fathomless ocean of life, whose tide flows on forever.

Begotten of this, Faith stretched out her hand to bestow the gift upon others, smiles chased the sadness away, and rising all about her were those who looked to her for help and sustenance, and they, too, were blest.

The woman fastened a white rose in her bosom and stood up in the full glory of her womanhood and said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Tears gathered like dew drops upon her lashes as the last lingering sunbeams transformed them into diamonds with which to bedeck the garment of experience she was fashioning, and when night brooded over the earth rest fell like a benediction upon her and the "peace which passeth all understanding," was her soul's possession. And thus the woman knew that

* * * in every
"Allah, Allah, O my Father,
Lies the answer, 'Here my child.'"



JOSEPHINE SPENCER.

From morn till noon-tide its smooth waters yield
The silver flashings of a burnished shield.
Then as the sun drops slowly down the west
Upon it's tide in rainbow colors rest
His parting rays—fine ripples lit with gold
Play on its surface; and when low has rolled
His disc—from bases of the dark isle dips
A shadow, gliding slowly till it slips—
At last among the twilight shades that stray
Close in the footsteps of departing day.

THE HOUR.

In every age there sounds the watchman's cry,
Startling the dwellers in Time's narrow street
With tidings of events which Destiny
Holds for the dawn to greet.

Now, in the silence of our listless night,
Chasing with clarion tone a countless brood
Of selfish dreams—the Voice proclaims the light
Of man's new Brotherhood.

This not the cant phrase of the Pharisee—
Nor empty work of all the warring creeds;
But watch-cry of a cause at last to be
Clad in the garb of Deeds.

In every air that broods, or breath that creeps
From lip to lip, the cry repeats with power—
“Mankind are of one kin; a new faith leaps;
Arise, and meet the hour!”

WILD COLUMBINES.

Among hill-surges where high
valleys lie ;

On mountain tops ; and in
deep gorges rift

Through cloud-worn peaks
• uprising peerlessly ;

Congeaed from summer airs,
in showers drift

Star-crystalled flakes—the
snow-white columbines ;

And catching
there the
glint of shift-
ing lights

Through cloud-
less days, a
dazzling glow
defines

Each vista where the glancing
flower-frost shines,

Shaming the colder snows that cap the heights.



POETRY.

A rainbow with the hues of feeling lit ;

The opal's heart of snow and fire wrought :

Rayed with the purest light that souls emit—

The heavenly halo which transfigures thought.

A MOUNTAIN LAKE.

She glides before the wizard hill
And plies her simple-seeming
wiles,
Seeking to woo his steadfast will
With sudden changing sighs
and smiles.

With perfect maiden art she
plays
Her ripples' glance and swells'
shy grace,
And rains the rapture of her
sprays
In kisses on his furrowed face.

Now angered by his heedless air
Her scene of injured virtue
tries—
With sobbing breath and tossing
hair,
And baleful passion in her
eyes.

When sudden storms in fury
break,
She flings herself upon his
breast,
And seems by her sweet fears
to wake
An echo of her love confessed.



So plies with art and bides with time,
That thus perchance some moment weak
May own the power of the rhyme
Her cadenced motions ceaseless speak.

And wielding long her subtle spell
Of "woven pace and waving hands,"
The far off ages yet may tell
His fate among her wave strewn sands.

GOD'S IMAGE.

Hate is the curtain which we drape
Across the light that shines as gold—
And Love the tool with which we shape
Our image to the heavenly mould.

REVOLUTION.

Faint and far in the night the wail of a child
Borne on heedful winds to a heedless ear ;
Then, in the gray of a startled dawn, the wild,
Curdling cry of a million voices near.

THE WORLD'S WAY.

There are sparkling waves in the sea afloat,
But never a drop to drink ;
They will bear up the weight of an iron boat,
But a man's light form must sink.

So billows of plenty splash and swirl
While the homeless beggar starves ;
And the State-ship sails with flags afurl,
While the builder dies at the wharves.



*Bombs-Bombs for
Christmas.*

Christmas? Yes, we have not forgotten it. And we have been searching among the effects of the Sanctum, and also the contents of our own editorial brains, to find bonbons for presentation to our readers on the coming holiday. Finding no bonbons at hand, we have produced a circlet of editorial bomb-bombs to hang on THE COMING LIGHT Christmas Tree, and herewith present them on this and the following pages. We hope you will like them. They are of our own, original, and independent make, though current events, the world of human actions, and the wisdom, folly, foibles and whims of humanity furnish the raw material. Such as we have, then, we give, and meanwhile, with hearty and cordial good will and with a thought more significant than the mere words imply, we wish you all "A Merry Christmas."

*A Plea for Political
Decency.*

The political pot has quickly simmered down, much to the relief of those whose faith in redemption through politics is daily on the wane. What have we to hope for from men who turn from the principles involved in a political contest to abuse each other, or to promises impossible of achievement? What reform can be expected from parties who vie with each other in misrepresentation, and who indulge in cartoon arguments as senseless as they are morally degrading? If men maintain so disrespectful an attitude toward each other in the race for office, what respect can they hope to command from the people whom they seek to represent? Not only is the distracting and misleading course pursued in local politics in San Francisco an immediate menace to our city government, but it is a blighting influence to our young boys and girls who see the vile cartoons in every paper and read the unmanly, inhuman and unjust allegations of trickery and crime against all candidates for office. Their young minds are poisoned with doubt and suspicion. Their sense of justice is deadened, and their own standard of morality lowered through the example set before them by their elders. It is a sickening picture, and one not easily erased. Women, the wives and mothers of San Francisco, have the power to remedy much of this, by standing firmly together and demanding better things. No other power will avail. If the women of San Francisco will go diligently to work in the interest of decent politics, they will inaugurate a reform that the women of the nation might take up and make the campaign of 1900 a just and moral one, worthy of such a nation as we profess to be.

* *

*Pointers on the Wife
Market.*

If our Eastern exchanges are to be credited New York leads the world in the development of a new male specimen of the *genus homo*. He is entitled to the front rank in generosity and magnanimity. He not only sells his wife to her

lover for the small consideration of \$1.50, but he loans them money for their honeymoon expenses, and divides the family of children equally with her. The new woman will be obliged to take a back seat, or furnish evidence of a more unparalleled generosity and good will. The Yankees used to swap wives, even, but a few years ago the price of wives in New York was scheduled at \$150, several sales in various parts of the state being reported at about the same figures. Since that time prices have fluctuated, bed rock having been reach during President Cleveland's administration, when one Kike Gilliford sold his spouse for twenty-five cents, and Joe Carnahan disposed of his bride of one year to his cousin for a like sum. It would be interesting to know how much bearing the Republican administration has upon the rise in value to the present figures of \$1.50. Is the price of wives a reliable criterion in indication of the financial condition of the country as is the rating of stocks in Wall Street? The price of husbands is not quoted; but it is reasonable to suppose that they sell for half the market price of wives, who have always been recognized as the better half in matrimonial partnership. We would advise the spinsters of the country to keep one eye on New York markets; they are likely to drop immediately after election. The price of wives will doubtless go down to two bits, in which case husbands will sell for fifteen cents each, or two for two bits. With such prospects as this the alarm expressed on account of the decrease in the marriage records need occasion no uneasiness. The Yankee "bargain" market has solved the vexed problem.

* * *

*Its Experimental
Aspect.*

Taking everything into consideration this is perhaps not so bad an experiment as it might be. The wife who is swapped or sold is not obliged to live and die in one environment—her larger freedom gives her authority to speak from an experience denied to the average wife, and society is in no

There has been a scratching of heads and a *Why Did They Fail* puzzling of wits to find an adequate reason for the unexpected outcome of the recent political campaign. Certain candidates at the outset seemed sure of election. They themselves believed they would be successful, and so did two out of any three of the voters, whatever their politics might be. But instead there was overwhelming defeat. The reasons are not hard to find, and we propose to indicate one of them. It was nothing more or less than the fatal blunder of dodging. We apprehend that the fusion campaign committees must have issued an edict to their speakers requiring them to ignore and deny all issues except the Railroad. This was a capital and ruinous mistake, and deserved defeat. The fact is that there were and are now and will continue to be numerous issues far more fundamental than the Railroad question. And every man who is after the real welfare of the people rather than after office will insist in discussing the vital issues, whatever they are, whenever a campaign gives any chance for it. The day has come when no real man, no friend of truth, no sincere champion of human progress, has a right to engage in any politics except politics which are *not politic*. The right and honest thing is the only thing in the world with which it is safe to succeed. And if the right and honest thing is not successful—in the game of a ballot-box triumph—it is the perfectly safe thing and the only safe thing with which to fail. For it leaves the chain to gather up and go at it again; Whereas if one dodges and fails his chain is gone. It is high time that our public men learn this; and we hope the last campaign in California has so emphasized the lesson that it will not soon be forgotten.

The hope of the American people for political *Football Morals vs.* salvation rests now on the morals of the football field. The politicians and the political newspapers have unquestionably lost all sense of honor and fairness in the conduct of campaigns. But these virtues are

still preserved among those who hustle the pigskin over the whitewashed gridiron. Recently, at the close of a game in Berkeley, the captain of the Iowa team, being put upon his honor, admitted that the supposed victory of his eleven had not been earned but was due to an offside play, and accordingly the umpire's decision was promptly reversed. Imagine a similar deed of honor in politics! No, it is impossible to imagine it, in the midst of the blinding dust of political campaigns in which all manner of trickery, misrepresentation and out-and-out lying is regarded as permissible strategy. As we reflect, however, we see that we are wrong in saying that football morality is the last refuge of hope in this regard. We forgot for the moment that even with the pugilists a *foul* forfeits the match. In politics it is *anything*, fair or foul, to win the game. Curious fact? isn't it, that in sports the player who cheats or takes any unmanly advantage is umpired off the field amid the groans and hoots of the spectators; whereas in politics the man who wins by misleading the people with stump speeches and newspaper utterances that are nothing less than an outrage of truth is greeted with gun salutes and waving flags, and the huzzahs of the multitude. Ah, Diabolos! you have politics under your control, but you have not yet corrupted football, nor made a complete capture of pugilism. And, since this is the case, we are minded to make another suggestion—an alternative for the method advocated in the preceding editorial—and urge that candidates for political office be required to fight it out on the gridiron or in the ring. We could put umpires and referees over them, and see to it that the issues are at least based on honor, and that fouls forfeit the game.

*Culture and States-
manship.*

Speaking of football makes us think of our collegians and their relations to politics. On October 6th Mr. Gage went over to Berkeley and said a number of very agreeable and flattering things to the University students. Among these courteous utterances was the following: "With the higher de-

velopment of our faculties the purer and stronger we become, politically as well as ethically. From you, gentlemen, with the high and scholarly attainments developed by accomplished professors and tutors, the people hope to select their future statesmen and leaders of public opinion. The common school is the crown of citizenship and the university is the scepter." This, the brackets said, was received with "great applause." But lo! now, on the morning of November 9th one of the morning papers, reporting incidents of the election day at Berkeley, published the following significant item: "One feature of the day was the fact that an unusual proportion of members of the faculty of the State University abstained from voting." The bearing of this is that college bred men are generally disposed to have nothing to do with practical politics. They show on the whole a confirmed indifference to the issues of the partisan campaigns. But it may be, after all, that this is an illustration of what Mr. Gage really means in saying that as men develop their faculties they grow purer and stronger politically. But if so, it vitiates in some degree the force of Mr. Gage's complimentary designation of scholarly gentlemen as the "future statesmen and leaders of public opinion" toward whom the people hope.

* *

Kansas Gold for Millionaire Gould. The women of poor suffering Kansas, of drouth and cyclone fame, are engaged in giving church fairs and various other entertainments to raise money to reward Howard Gould for marrying the woman he loved. Is marriage for love such a "rarity under the sun" that the women of Kansas must neglect the suffering poor of their own state to put their "stamp of approval" upon this one marriage? The fact is that there are hundreds of marriages for love among the simple hearted and the lowly, and these are usually sneered at for being "such fools as to think they can live on love." Not a dollar of help is offered to these; not even wooden plates provided

as encouragement to them. But this millionaire's son, who has not only millions at command, but is young, strong, and able to work, and who has married a talented woman, capable in every way of earning her own living, is the object of their special solicitude. It is a ridiculous picture! These women are either filled with a mawkish sentiment that school girls ought to be ashamed of, or they are caught by the glamour of gold which blinds and befuddles the greater half of humanity. It is to be hoped that when they have industriously collected the several thousand dollars they design for the Gould's wedding present, the Governor of the State will garnishee the committee and appropriate the sum to the use of the unhoused, unfed beggars of that unfortunate country, where the cyclone bloweth, the drouth burneth, the grasshopper feasteth, and the mortgage fiend seizeth every thing in sight. Moreover may the Governor retain this committee of women to raise funds from now until doomsday to meet the emergencies of the people of Kansas who die for *want* of love; and thus compel a sentiment that rises above a senseless toadying to notoriety.

* *

We find in the *London Humanitarian* the following description of a newly discovered science. "*Of a truth we are fearfully and wonderfully made.* If we may judge from recent scientific discoveries, the body is a book whereon all who run may read the character of the soul which dwells therein. The latest of these discoveries comes from Paris, where a woman has created a sensation by the invention of a new science, variously called 'glossomancie' or 'linguistology.' This is nothing else than the delineation of character from the shape of the tongue. A big tongue indicates frankness; a short tongue, dissimulation; a large tongue, generous feelings; a narrow tongue, concentration of ideas. Long and broad tongues indicate fondness for talk; short

and broad, equal capacity to talk but not to speak the truth; shortness and narrowness are the signs of Machiavelian lying. And why not? If the secrets of the future can be wrested from the palm, the temperament from the face, the individuality from the finger-tips, why not the character from the tongue?" On the heels of every scientific discovery comes a discoverer of something else to intensify or modify the facts or tendencies brought to light. For instance, when Phrenology appeared the possessor of a poorly developed head was taught how to round out or diminish certain bumps, until it takes a keen reader to distinguish the natural from the artificially developed phrenological bumps. No sooner was Physiognomy discovered, than the beauty-doctor was on hand to shape pug noses into Grecian form, or to change the toothpick nose into a pug. When Palmistry came forward the possessors of "bad hands" immediately sought the professional manicure's aid to have their hands made shapely and their spatulate fingers changed into tapering ones. And now comes this new science of *Linguistics*, which it would seem must of necessity stand on its own merits and prove to be a true index to character. We were just congratulating ourselves on the prospect of being able to read our friends unmistakably when, to our great surprise and discomforture, we read in a medical exchange of a remedy called "Tongaline." What now if this should prove to be a remedy invented to change the shape of the "unruly member" until there will be no telling the saints from the sinners. Thus there would still be no infallible means of protecting the very elect from being deceived. We predict a big sale for Tongaline and a bigger harvest for cupid, who blunders more and more as science lends its aid to conceal natural tendencies and distinctions.

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BE SURE and read the Business Department Page. You will find there something that will prove interesting.

Now that Mr. Gage has been elected Governor, we hope he will give consideration to the following statement taken from the San Francisco *Call* of date October 7th, 1898:

"Numerous as are the questions, State and National, which are presented to the voters of California in this campaign, all of them are comprehended in the single one of preserving prosperity by the continuance of conservative government." Before commenting on this we wish to quote again from another *Call* editorial in the issue of October 17th: "Trade conditions are rather disappointing this fall. . . . It is the general concensus of opinion that business is not up to what was expected along in the summer. . . . Whatever the cause, business is undeniably quiet, and this in the face of circumstances which ought to produce activity in commerce." It may be a bit puzzling to any ordinary intelligence, and possibly to Mr. Gage, to know how to go to work to "preserve prosperity" when none is to be found. If the apple crop fails, how can you have even dried apples? And if prosperity is now so lamentably lacking, how is it to be put up in the form of *preserves*? But perhaps Mr. Gage can discover some part of the United States, or the world at large, where they have enjoyed such an excess of prosperity that they have already turned to and *preserved* a supply as against emergencies such as ours here. If so the Governor may be able to import into the State a liberal invoice of it for our hungry consumption. But at any rate, whatever the difficulties, Mr. Gage's task is to "preserve prosperity." That is what the *Call* holds to be the work, above and before all other things, of a "conservative government." So that is what we shall all demand of Mr. Gage and the Republican legislature. Yes, gentlemen, go to, and "Preserve Prosperity!"

*A New Economic
Doctrine.*

By the way, while we are upon this subject of *Prosperity* we must not neglect to take note of a piece of preternatural economic wisdom sent out into the world during the past month

adversity from topheaviness or are burned out at the roots one by one for lack of the shade that all might throw out but for distrust of the other. This in a figure is the reason why the landlord gets his rent, mechanics are idle and labor owns nothing. The remedy will be found in the spread of the human intellect, which will break down and destroy in its growth every cell of conservatism, and build up instead families of cells so vigorous that no form of paresis can afflict them. The tribe of Dan (labor) shall then judge the world in accord with the law of the spirit which recognizes oneness or unity, provides for the "least of these my bretheren," and "renders unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsars."

* *

Another Voice. It would seem by the controversy between Fathers Otis and Caraher that THE COMING LIGHT is not alone in its convictions regarding St. Mary's Park, Father Caraher having taken fully as strong ground as do we in his objections to the removal of the "dens of vice." We are much gratified that even one of the Franciscan Fathers sees that it will do more harm than good to merely scatter these women throughout the city, and that he also understands that while they are not the city's legal wards they are entitled to mercy and justice, and ought in some way to be provided for without turning them adrift. O for a few more men and women with courage to express their honest convictions.

Protest in Behalf of St. Mary. When the Paulist Fathers have succeeded in driving away the Magdalens and in establishing the \$75,000 St. Mary's Park on the site where these women sold their bodies for the bread which the city could not afford to purchase for them, will the spirit of the Virgin Mother brood over it and rejoice that the park is christened in her name? Would not *Gethsemane Park* be a better title, since it is the spot upon

which in agony of soul these forsaken Magdalens gave up the last ray of hope and wept and prayed alone for deliverance from the destruction about them? St. Mary, and for that matter no other true Mary (as Mary is but another name for mother), had any thing to do with the affair. St. Paul might perhaps feel honored by having the Park Christened in his name, but St. Mary—never!

* *

Here is an incidental hint of what govern-
Is This Slavery? mental authority, backed by an army, may come to do in case of disagreements with workingmen over the matter of wages. It seems that at Santiago de Cuba our military government there has been employing Cuban laborers to clean and repair the streets, paying them a dollar a day. The workmen struck for higher wages (\$1.50 a day), which the authorities declined to give. Now the point to which we call attention is that the press dispatches of November 4th had this significant paragraph: "General Wood says he will arrest every laborer able to work, and, under a vagrancy law which he will establish, will compel him to work thirty days for rations while confined in jail." Verily! that is a fine illustration to give to our new friends, the Cubans, of the practical workings of American liberty. But this is just the policy that is preparing in our home country. Contract giving place to compulsion—that is the next step.

* *

A great hue and cry has been raised in the
Epidermis, Here and daily papers about the belts and purses made
Hereafter. from human skins. This is bad enough to be sure, to think that the dead poor are denied even their natural covering in which to be buried. But with all its horrors it is not so terrifying as is the knowledge that the living poor are allowed to waste away to mere skeletons

with food in plenty at hand. Skinless bodies may present an uncanny spectacle on resurrection morn, but in all probability they will compare favorably with the soulless skin-flints who have masqueraded in this world in the guise of respectable human beings.

* *

Another sign has appeared to encourage the hope that we may overtake New England in civilized development and the amenities of culture. Several years ago a Boston clergyman attained to fame as having "delivered the most elegant and eloquent prayer ever offered to a Boston audience." And now one of our San Francisco dominies has been publicly thanked, by a card published in one of the city newspapers, "for his most sublime and eloquent dedicatorial prayer" upon a recent occasion. The phraseology in this instance is even a little more choice and resounding than in the Boston case, and the incident clearly shows that we are nearing the end of that period when we can rightly be called the "wild and wooly West." Both earth and heaven should take notice of this fact and give us the credit that is due for our rapid progress in the higher culture.

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TO THE FRIENDS OF REFORM: Your attention is earnestly called to the Business Department page of this issue. It is the last page of the magazine, next to the advertisements. Peruse carefully.



MOSE DELIVERS ANOTHER LECTURE.

Ladies and Gentlemen: De 'casion has ergin 'rived when you has de privilage of lisning to an-
nodder lecksher by me .De firs' was on de subjeck of Love, an in dis here seckon, I tends ter speak on Faith.

A great many years ago, fo' you all was bo'n, er fo' I was, er eny what we eber see er hear tell of; an in a far off land, dere live a mighty an powerful king. He live an rule in a place call de Beautiful City, de likes of, which haint nevrer bin knowd, no place. De street all paved wiff material what glitter, and shine in de sun, which sun shine all de time, day and night, least wise—all day, fer dere want no night tall. An de light was so powerful, dat ef it hadent been dat de habitants all had mighty good eyes, dey would have been a powerful sale on dark glasses, on count of de light bein so bright.

An all the rivers run crystally clear, and de houses built of pure white mahble, er stone, an de ladies have long golden hair, least dats the way I has always seen dere pictures, an

de men—but I haint no recklektion of ever havin seen no pictures of men—but I lows dere must have been a few, fer dere was one who got puffed up wiff his position, an raise hisseff ter be as mighty as the king hisseff.

An at lass de king find it out. He was awalkin in de gahden, eatin wafers and strawberriys. an on de odder side of de haidge, he hear dis man a-takkin, and a sayin, dat de king couldnt git long thout him, an dat he could run de fairs of de kingdom, jest so well as the king hisseff. So de king throw down de wafers, and rub his hands on de sides of his raiment, and swaller the las berry, and call dat man ter come ter him. He says, "Come here! You, dats doin all dat talkin. Ise got one ting to say ter you. An dat is, I haint got no room in my city fer you, ner de likes of you. So, you all better jest pack up, an git. You all go ter enny place where you please ter go, an ef you thinks you kin run a city, jest go ahaid an start up, an in de end we'll see who is de strongess."

So, dis man haff ter pack up all his duds, an git out. An he tak all his follerers wiff him, and dere turned out to be mo dan de king ever think, an it make de king feel mighty bad, fer he nebber think he goin to have mutiny in de camp. an he try ter make de city so beautiful an good, an perfeck, dat dey all love to be dere an serve him as good, an loyal, an true subjecks.

So, de leader an his follerers, all go out, an dey set up a kingdom, which prove to be a power, an mighty strong, an de end hain come yet, but dere is some what bleeves dat de good king goin to conquer.

An after de gates closed, an de gate-keeper hang up de key on de nail, an de king come down offen his house-top, where he been watchin dem go out, and he take a walk aroun de city, an he feel mighty sad, an down hearted, fer it look jest like a town ou Sunday, when de business houses are all closed. An dere was many a empty house, all over de city, an de printers worked over-time ter print "To Let" on

cards fer de winders. But dere want no chance of dose houses fillin up ouden de population in de city, so de good king issue a proclamation.

He says, dat all de noos-papers have his permission ter de habitants, dat he promise, under seal, dat whosoever prove hisseff ter be worthy, could come ter live in de vacant houses, an have homes in de Beautiful City.

An at four o'clock, dere come out many an extra edition, an dere was more noos-boys dan dere ever had been waitin at de gates, ter take de papers out to de lill towns and villages roun er bout.

An when the de people read de noos, dey calls a meetin, ter discuss an formlate some wise plan by which dey all git inter de city, an live in dem empty houses. De tentions was dat dey all foller de same plan—ter fine out de bess way—an de right way—ter please de good king.

An dey all erect a big tent, an all de men an women take part in de meetin—an de end of it all was—dat dere was a heap of noise an confusion, an no two agreed on any one way. An de whole business split up, an end in gettin off inter scieties, an factions, an secks. An each one declare dat dey is right an every one else is wrong. An so far as I kin learn dey haint quit it yit. Least wise I haint hear tell of its bein stopped.

An de king make trips roun de worl, lookin fer dose dats tryin ter do dere bess, an striven ter make demselves worthy ter live in de Beautiful City.

An dere was one faction what call demselves Bleeverers. An all day long, an all night, dey spends dere time er tryin ter make each odder see how much dey bleeves dat dey is on de right track, an mose of all dey spends dere time a tellin de king, when ever dey see him, er kin git within ear-shot of him, dat dey is so glad dat he has tole em dat dey kin live dere wiff him, an dat dey bleeves dey bleeves dat dey is a goin. Now, de king haint nebber turned a deaf ear ter any thing dat any one ever tole him,—least wise, I haint never

heard tel of his doin it. But one day, when he stand a list inin ter what dey all a tellin him, bout de way dey is a bleevin in him, an de way dey is aplannin ter go ter live wiff him, he said, "Dere is weeds in yer gahdens."

An it happen dat dere was anodder of anodder faction, aleanin over de fence, lissning, an he run home, an say, "I tole you all dat it was so, I tole you all dat de king care nuffin fer Faith, dey bleev more dan dey does,—I tel you, its Works, dat counts."

An dey all felt mighty good over it, an cide dat day was on de right track, an dey doubled dere energies, an go bout dere works more dan dey ever did. Dere was men what work fer de sciety, an pay inter de till of de treasury, and de women make tidies an mats an fancy bags, an cakes an pud-dins, a tryin ter make dere sciety strong. Dat faction think a heap of what they might do ter work dere way inter de Beautiful City. De till full, de needles fly, de leader urge em ter keep on in de good way an dey work, work, work, all de time.

An at lass de king come dat way. He fine things flourishin, de gahdens clean, and de chillrens' faces most washed de skin off. An de fack is, dat dey was all so busy workin, tending ter what they called de right way, dat dey never seen the king, till he was right in dere midst, one day, an he haff ter say, "Hullo," twict, fore dey ever noticed him, an dey was powerful sprised, too.

An dey shows dere good works, an how clean all de cohnehs was an feel pretty well satisfied wiff what dey done. De king lissen, an den he say, "How bout yer souls—is dey clean? Wash, an BE clean."

An de nex trip out, de king fine a lot of de people down to de river, washin dere sins erway, in de watah; day an night dey try ter wash erway dere sins, and dey stan off at de fence cohneh, an call to the people what pass—"unless ye wash, unless ye wash!"

De king stop ter lissen, an he smile an say, "Look out

yer all done drown each odder," an walk on. An den dere was a few dat saw de king seemed not ter approve of de mount of watah, seein what he said, an dey say, "dount mount to much, nohow, de mount of watah—so you wash." So dey jess take a lill watah, an some takes a lilly er a rose, an sprinkle—cleanin dere souls.

An anodder time de king fine a sciety what does everything by a method. Dey wont make no mistakes in dere grammah, dey use beautiful language, an wear beautiful robes, an dey make de place where dey sing his praises mose beautiful to behold.

But it happen dat de king come roun dere one day, when it want no day pointed for service—tall, so dey want spectin him, an want no one round, ner nothin. An de king was heard ter say, dat he nebber think berry much of form, and method, an as usual some one heard him say it, an go off'n tell de ress, an a new faction spring up, right erway, an dey all tries ter see ef day cant do jest de opposite of dose who wears de robes n' reads de lessons outen books.

An et pears dat dey go steady by jerks—dey talks when dey wants to talk, an sometimes, when de thusiasm runs high, dey all talks at onct. An dey all goes in fer de straight an narrow way—an while dey foller no rule, in de form of worship, dey has rules, an mighty strict ones, fer what dey calls de "Conduct of Life."

Dere whole life seems ter be given over ter de study of what is right n' what is wrong—an cause one decided dat baccy, an wine, an sacciety, an all dat was wrong fer him, he says et muss be fer all. An onct, when one man let fly his fist, an de odder came up wiff a tooth gone, on count of spressing his pinion so freely, dey all called it sufferin fer de Beautiful City's sake, an kep on.

An den de king come ter a place where he hear em say, "Oh, yer all go long bout yer king, an his city,—we dount bleeve it tall, an what's more, we're goin ter have a good

time however it is, an ef dere is a city 'n a king, we'll chance it, an if dere haint, wese none de worse off."

An in anodder place de king fine out dat dere is some what say dat de king already chosen an selected dose dat is ter live wiff him, an dat dere is some what nebber kin go dere, fer de king has so chosed it. Dey never tole any one why dey kep on a tryin ter complish good, ner why he didnt stop a tryin, even if 'twas all decided who was ter go an who wasent to go.

An some think they is going ter git in de city by goin off outen de worl, an liven all by themselves, and never doin or seein anything scept was jest enclosed in dose four walls.

De king find out dat dere was a mighty big diffrence of opinion concernin his wish in de mattah. And de plans dat de people foller was so diffrent an so widely set apart, an each one was so well satisfied dat dey was de only ones what strike de right way dat de king haff ter laugh—least wise I spect he did—fer I done see how he could hep it.

An at las the king go off ter his own house an sit down on his throne, fer he was a mighty rich king an never haff to use stool chairs tall. An he decide dat de only way he ever poplate his city er make de people happy was ter send some one inter de lill towns an villages an teach em de way.

So he selected de one he loved de bess an de one what was most fitted ter teach de way. An he go out inter de worl, an stead of de people bein glad dey didnt like it tall, an in de end dere seemed ter be more dissention dan ever.

However, since de king had pointed dis man to look out fer der fairs of de kingdom, de done it. An as he went bout de worl he fine some people was worthy, and he put his mark on dere foreheads.

An dose dat he chose to have hep him was men an women dat live common an ordinary, an ef ever he chose any one dat was rich twant on count of de riches, but cause of de spirit day shows dat prove em ter be de kin dat was wanted.

An now as we go on through de worl we sometimes see a man er woman who seemed ter have de mark on day forehaid, an I has noticed dat it dont seem ter come offener in any one sacciety, an is very offen found in no seck tall.

Now you all knows dat I has lived a long time, and dat I has had a wide sperience. I has watched out some fer de right way. I would like ter fine rest in dat city from all my cares, ef I could. An I would like ter tell you all dat I has an idea dat de way ter bess win a house in de City called Beautiful is ter live de life you was made fer.

How you goin ter tell? Why law me! dats easy nuff—which way is yer inclined to grow? Is you inclined ter be one thing—then be it, an I know dat de king of de Beautiful City haint a goin ter try ter make you be one thing when you grows into another.

An dere haint no use of yer bein dissasisified. Twont mak no change outen yer. Ef yer was meant ter sing, then sing; ef yer was meant ter think, then think; an ef yer was made ter splain what some one else has thought, then splain. There's no knowin, so far as I kin see, what yer effort will lead to. I dont spose de lill brook ever thought it would be great some day, an contribute its share to de mighty ocean—an it pears ter me dat de intention of de king of de Beautiful City was ter fine dose who live only natural lives—an he dont care ef yer gives it a name, er not—its de facks he wants.

Dats all de kin of faith he cares fer.

BE SURE and read the Business Department Page. You will find there something that will prove interesting.

MESSAGES

[This Message Department has an open window toward the whole wide world. It invites communications from all who are impelled to speak the honest word out of their hearts. The editors will abdicate the critic's chair as toward the writers in this department, only let your messages be brief and to the point. Bring to this department the things that help or hinder you, the things that inspire or discourage you, the things you wish to do for others or wish them to do for you. Tell us how everything seems to you and how you think it ought to be. This department is the free Council Chamber of us all.]

THE WISDOM OF LOVE.

BY GEO. R. DODSON.

As we grow older we become more and more human; we are less interested in particular things and think more about life as a whole. Life, and the meaning of life, become the subject of our meditations. While I have pledged myself never to disparage reason, or in any way to be less than absolutely loyal to the truth, it is nevertheless perfectly clear to me now that sentiment is as necessary as knowledge, if life is to be worth living. A sentiment is just as real a thing as a house or an acre of ground, and may be vastly more important.

One of the humorous papers recently contained something like this: "A young lady was last summer sitting in a cool office, pretending to work, and receiving fifty dollars a month. This summer, as Mrs. X, she is much of her time in a hot kitchen and receives no wages at all." This is the way it looks to the observer without sentiment. But he has not stated the whole case; indeed he has omitted the most important factor—conjugal love. Mutual affection has been left out. And this intangible sentiment makes radiant this woman's life. She is a loved and loving wife. When he comes in during the evening and says that this is the dearest

place in the world to him and that he hastens with his work that he may return as soon as possible to her, think you she remembers the cares of the day, or looks back with regret to the conditions of her former life?

So, before we know anything about it, it may seem that the care of raising a family is greater than its compensation. But you who are fathers and mothers, what would you take for your experience? How often have you said of your little ones, as you watched them with pride and joy, "they pay for themselves!" You see them not in the drylight of the intellect, but through a glorifying hope of affection.

Love is the magic sentiment that makes us sing while we bear the burdens and do the duties of life. Is life worth living? *It depends upon whether you love or are loved.* Yes, even when death comes can we not say that the sweet memories it leaves us are worth what they cost, and that "it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all!"

A Japanese has recently criticized American home life. He says love is a mistake; that young people in their unreasoning affections cherish illusions and are doomed to disappointment; that they ascend a mountain whence they are compelled to return to the valley of the commonplace. The Japanese, on the contrary, have no enthusiasm, no deep affection or high expectations. From beginning to end life is for them one stretch of dead level. This may sound like philosophy, but it is not wisdom. In innumerable cases, even if not in all, the love which unites the young husband and wife grows deeper, stronger and more joy-giving through all the years of their married life. "Beautiful is the morning of love with its prophetic crimson, violet, saffron, purple and gold, with its hopes of days that are yet to come. Beautiful also is the evening of love, with its glad remembrances and its rainbow side turned towards heaven as well as earth."

But even if it be not always so; even if the heart must often be tried and sometimes broken; those who have once entertained this heavenly guest, and who have therefore seen the world in a new and beautiful light, will for it face all dangers and run the risk of all sorrows. The question, then, as to the worth of life is not one of logic alone. It will always be answered in different ways by loving and loveless men.

If love is sweet, its sorrow is that life is short. And I often think the shortness of the way we have to go together

ought to make us more patient, kind and tender, and more ready to always put the best interpretation we can upon the actions of those whom we love and of those whom we cherish as friends. We may realize, with George Kringle, that

"Days change so many things—yes hours—
We see them so differently in suns and showers;
Mistaken words to-night
May be so cherished by to-morrow's light!
We may be patient, for we know
There's such a little way to go."

Granting that sentiment is "just as real a thing as a house or an acre of ground," there is still much to be said on the other side of the question, much which one who has experienced nothing but the realities of the "intangible sentiment of love" is entirely unconscious of and is consequently in no position to intelligently present. The woman in the case, sweltering over a hot stove and receiving no wages for her work, might possibly be satisfied with expressions of sentiment if she always received even that. But the fact is that the picture of the fond husband, returning to the home at night with loving words upon his lips for the tired wife, is an exception and not the rule. The average husband returns tired himself, and is cross and unreasonable, complaining of expenses and insisting on pouring out his woes at the family fireside, until the average wife wishes she was anywhere else, working at any wage, if only free. If there was only enough of this "intangible sentiment" to go around, or to fit even one-half the cases, if it only had abiding qualities and covered its objects at all times and in all homes with the "glorifying haze of affection," we well might sing its praises, and seek to perpetuate even its delusions. But facts are stubborn things, and they are nearly all arrayed on the side of common sense, justice, equality, freedom, and absolute truth between the sexes. There are few *men* who would be willing to swelter in an iron foundry day after day and take their pay in *sentiment*. Few men would be willing to face

death in order to bring offspring into the world, with the knowledge that they personally controlled nothing with which to make their babes comfortable when they arrived, or to educate them as they saw fit when the time arrived for their education, no matter how well they "pay for themselves in sweetness and cuteness as they are growing." Few men would be willing to give up all interests but the wife's interests and be content to be absorbed in her individuality. And yet this is precisely the position of women in a large majority of the so called "sacred homes" of our civilization. Women who should be strong, self-possessed, free and untrammelled as wives and mothers, are cringing cowards, echoes of their husbands, weak and selfish because they are narrowed through dependence on men whom they dare not offend. Such mothers rear children as ignoble as themselves; and all the sentiment in the world has failed to change the situation. The exceptional cases which our good brother refers to may be a sort of index finger pointing to the possibilities of human love, but they do not atone for the wholesale disappointment and innumerable heartbreaks chargeable to an over-trusting dependence on this self same sentiment. The Japanese are largely right. We do need to tear down love's delusions in so far that women will cease to become sentimental nonentities, willing to sacrifice life itself for a love that offers bondage only, a love that is neither liberty nor life. There are two standards of love, one masculine, one feminine; one just, one sentimental. The masculine code of love is Liberty first, love afterward, or that Liberty is more than love. The feminine is Love first, last and always, or Love is more than liberty. On these contrary codes are founded the two standards of morality, one for man another for woman. And upon the foundation of this living lie women have tried to build their happiness; but the foundation was sand and "the winds and the floods came" and have well nigh swept hope from the world. Disease, crime, insanity, mental, physical and moral deformities result to

such an extent that poor humanity can scarcely see through their scalding tears the rays of light divine that may yet lead them into paths of rectitude and peace. No sentiment is worthy of perpetuation or praise that is not founded on justice and equality to all, and which does not grant individual liberty. Until this sentiment of the soul covers all women in all homes with its triune protection, until it bathes all faces in the "crimson, violet, saffron, purple and gold," and spans every heart-heaven with its rainbow of promise, giving assurance of a certain harvest for all who sow in faith for the reaping, let us not call it by Love's holy name. Upon the development of a really moral and healthy sentiment of love, shorn of all inequalities and stripped of all delusions, depends the future of the world. We will best "go about the Father's business" when we investigate the causes underlying our increased divorce records and decreased marriage and birth records, and set about making conditions for the cultivation of an abiding sentiment that will leave no wrecks in its wake, but will fill the world with a healthy, happy and satisfied people.

The following letter has been sent to THE COMING LIGHT for publication. While the American people are trying to make up their minds regarding the Philippines, it is best to give a fair audience to any voice which seems to speak from intelligence of facts and events in these islands. We therefore make room for the letter. It was received recently by an old resident of San Francisco from a close friend of Aguinaldo, who has resided in the Philippines for fifteen years:

Your esteemed favor of the 21st of July came to hand while I was away in the Southern Philippines, from which I have only lately returned. I am delighted to find that you are an admirer of that distinguished and disinterested patriot, General Emilio Aguinaldo. When General Aguinaldo came down here to consult me, shortly before the outbreak of the Spanish-American war and the probable freedom of his country from the abominable Spanish yoke, I impressed

upon him the absolute necessity, in the first place, of placing the *best men, irrespective of personal influence* at the rudder, and on no account to allow the half castes of Manila and some of the larger towns to monopolize the reins of power simply because they were so and so, and accustomed during Spanish rule to monopolize the offices by pandering to and subserving the corrupt Spanish officials, especially as they had done virtually nothing for the freedom of the country. This advice he has acted upon, and the provisional government is thoroughly representative of the country. The half castes have no more therein than the percentage they bear to the entire people; that is about three per cent. Of course a proportional system is out of the question at present, until the last remnants of Spanish rule and the baneful monkish influence are eliminated. The latter will not be an easy task. The Roman Church has taken deep root in the country and prostituted itself to the inherent superstitions of the Malay race. Nothing but a clean sweep of the monastic institutions and clergy will affect a change. Such a gold mine as the Philippines have been for these orders, and successfully kept a dark horse for over three centuries, will not be given up without a struggle. The Vatican has already made a deep move in getting two Paulist fathers to accompany the American troops. The Order of the Paulists is established in several places in the Philippines. In Nuevo Caceres they have a seminary with over a thousand scholars. In Vigan another, and a third at Manila; but so quietly do they work that their existence is hardly known to the ordinary resident of Manila. They have avoided scandal, but are gradually striving for political power, and in course of time will win. The Vatican, well knowing the demoralization of the Austin friars, Dominicans, Franciscans and Recollects—the all-powerful and opulent orders—was quick to perceive they would not get at the Americans through these, and sent the Paulists; and evidence is rife on all sides that they are manipulating their influence on behalf of their fallen brothers, which is much to be regretted. I am a Catholic myself, or was one before I saw that the sole object of the Church—where it has unlimited sway, where the civil authority is subordinate to its will, as in the Philippines up to the present—is mercenary. The words once used by the Earl of Denbigh—"a Catholic first and an Englishman afterwards"—may be applied in the same way to those Paulist

fathers of yours—Catholics first and Americans afterwards! It will therefore be necessary to thoroughly sift all reports coming to America against the Filipinos before giving credence to them. From the *Singapore Free Press* (which I send under separate cover) you will see a little plot of the priests, that was fortunately discovered in time. Others of similar and different kind will not be wanting. The ways of the Paulists are even more Machiavelian than those of the Jesuits. Until the Paris Congress finally decides the fate of the Philippines, and the Spanish bureaucracy is away, I do not intend returning there; but you may rest assured my influence with General Aguinaldo and his government will be used to insure a pure and genuine representation of the country. Failings and short-comings there are bound to be at first, but I have confidence the Filipinos will be able to govern themselves, if given fair play, and become one of the most prosperous countries of the world.

THE following poem was sent with request for its publication by a friend, who states that it was written over fifty years ago by a young Mormon woman, and has been preserved in a scrap-book by Mrs. Larassa M. Mills:

THE ORIGIN OF GOLD.

"The Fallen" looked on the world and sneered:
"I can guess," he muttered, "why God is feared;
"For the eyes of mortals are fain to shun
The midnight heaven, that hath no sun.
I will stand on the height of the hills and wait
Where the day goes out of the western gate.
And reaching up to its crown will tear
From its plumes of glory the brightest there.
With the stolen ray I will light the sod,
And turn the eyes of the world from God."

He stood on the height when the sun went down,
He tore one plume from the day's bright crown;
The proud beam stooped 'till he touched its brow,
And the print of his fingers is on it now,
And the blush of its anger forevermore
Burns red when it passes the western door.



BY EVA V. CARLIN.

The child that is born on the Sabbath-day

Is blithe and bonny and good and gay.

Monday's child is fair of face,

Tuesday's child is full of grace;

Wednesday's child is merry and glad,

Thursday's child is sour and sad;

Friday's child is loving and giving.

Saturday's child must work for its living.

AT PLAY.

And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof.—Zech. viii, 5.

THERE is a theory, pretty widely accepted, that early education consists to a large degree in meeting and overcoming inherited nomadic and anti-social impulses; and that a suitable training long enough continued can, to a certain extent, derange the hereditary tendencies which we call instinctive, and create new ones.

If this is true, heredity loses the charm of necessity, and society, with its power to control environment, becomes responsible, not so much for the *reformation* of the so called child criminal, but for his *formation*; for he is as purely a natural product of existing conditions as is diphtheria. Indeed, it is doubtful whether in the majority of child criminals the criminal tendencies are anything else than a convenient name with which to conceal our social failure in education. The lawless acts of children are probably the result of surviving rudimentary traits. If opportunity is given to engage in enjoyable sports exciting enough to satisfy the boundless imagination of children, and if school work is so planned as to respond to their varying interests, those rudimentary impulses may gradually be eliminated.

There is nothing connected with the child-life of a crowded city center that of itself would tend to the elimination of evil tendencies. Whatever else may be provided for in that life, the child in any true, normal conception of the needs of childhood, is entirely ignored.

There is no place by right, and scarcely by sufferance, for a child in the slum districts, nor in those parts of towns and cities settled exclusively by wage-earners, the class from which reformatories are constantly replenished. The child is manifestly regarded by the political economists as a luxury which only the rich should afford. The street receives him simply because it is a law of nature that having come into being he must *be* somewhere. His street life begins in babyhood, and it may last on through life. Contrasted with the dismal tenement home the street has its gleams of joyousness in its sense of freedom from narrow walls, its gift of relaxation in air and sunshine, and its social atmosphere of the company of other children; but often it leads to moral depths from which the adult tries in vain to rise.

Do you know Langton Street? It is a small, narrow cross thoroughfare opening south on Mission Street, between Sixth and Seventh Streets. There are few yards; most of the miserable, rickety, unclean, over-crowded houses are close to the streets paved with rough cobble stones. The uncleanliness is not due solely to the laziness or indifference of the tenants; the landlords must bear a large share of the blame, for there is a fearful lack of facilities. The unstable population of this block, for movings are frequent, is typical of dozens of such streets and alleyways in San Francisco. Most of the heads of families are common wage-earners,—a barber, a teamster, a bricklayer, a machinist, a bartender, a shoemaker, a woman who peddles thread, pins, cheap pocket-books, etc., etc., from door to door, and in the tenement in the rear of the one which covers a dying mother surrounded by four frightened children, is a junkman with his miscellaneous rubbish of every conceivable description—rubbish which

tees; "hide and seek," "snap the whip," "blindman's buff," "horse" and "blackman" offer scope for the expression of noise and energy; "baseball" and "football," the national games, are played with imitative zeal between the boys of rival streets; they play "circus" with their pets, and charge pins to go in; "Salvation Army" with tin pans for tambourines is popular with boys and girls; "soldier" was greatly revered during the war time and received new impetus as election time approached.

To realize on what a precarious hold they tread the street, one must see the recklessness with which milk wagons, delivery wagons and the like are driven through the streets. The children learn self-reliance and readiness of resource thereby; but thereby the burden of care and responsibility resting upon "the little mothers," the baby tenders, is doubled, adding to their manifold difficulties. The unwearying patience, and long suffering, and rare degree of watchfulness shown by some of these elder children toward younger brothers and sisters is a revelation of sweet, unselfish helpfulness, which "transforms the sullen street." But a greater enemy questions the children's occupation of the public highway. Watch the swift dispersion of a crowd of playing youngsters when they catch sight of the blue uniform of a policeman emerging from the near-by saloon. There is a swift scudding of feet, smothered calls and whispers, and in the twinkling of an eye the street is deserted, as when, in the story of the wonderful piper of ancient times,

"A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed."

But scarcely is the "Cop" again out of sight than the street is alive once more, and they are back at their game as if there had been no interruption.

There is a darker aspect to the street play of children. They loaf on the corners and tramp the streets like organized bands of idlers, and imitate older loafers in mischief, profau-

ity, vice and crime. They steal, break windows, insult pedestrians, torture animals, and in the name of play perpetrate mischief that is wantonness. Wherever there is a tramp, a fire or a fight, an arrest or a revolting scene, there are the children! By and by the street will not see them so often; they will have graduated from its vile school, and their diploma entitles them by depraved tastes and appetites to enter into the saloon, the gambling den, the low theater and dive. Mr. Riis, writing of the corrupting influence of the saloon says: "From the moment when, almost a baby, the boy is sent to the saloon to carry thence the beer and whisky for his parents, he is never out of its reach, and the two form a partnership that lasts through life." I have seen little girls in Langton Street coming from saloons with pitchers, for life is not all play for the children there. They sell papers, run errands, work in canneries during the busy season; little girls sell flowers in dives, tend the babies, and do other equally tiresome things, perpetually liable to scoldings from doors and windows, and frequent "clubbings," to use a common term of Langton Street phraseology.

The superficial reader will say, "Why are not these children in school?" and there dismiss the subject. Some of them are, but the school and the home do not supplement each other in Langton Street, and, at best, there is a gaping chasm between school and the child's play, enjoyments and amusements, without care, supervision and guidance.

The children of such a district as I have described are, to a large extent, deprived of the stimulus of social respectability. It is rare for any one who can win the admiration of the growing youth and arouse them to personal effort for improvement to associate with them in any other than a patronizing way.

In a recent report on a study of the environment of the boys in the Wisconsin State Reformatory, one hundred and twenty-seven said they would have preferred to spend their evenings in a free club room playing games, had there been

such a place where they lived. "Three admitted they liked the saloon better, and thirteen would rather have remained at home. When asked whether they would like to be such a man as their father, one hundred and thirty-eight replied yes, while fifty-eight wanted to be better. No one took enough interest in twenty of those who drank to advise them to stop, while only six of the remaining forty-one reported being urged not to drink by anyone outside of their family; fifty-four had never seen or heard of any one whom they greatly admired. Of those who said they had, fifty-four gave some member of their own family, twenty-eight Washington, while twenty-five were scattered, and forty-two were unable to name any one.

"Almost all the boys had lived the greater part of the time on the street. *They were under the influence of associates older in crime; one hundred and twenty-four said they had never felt any desire to do wrong, but were led on by others and wanted some fun.* Of the remaining fourteen who replied, eleven believed that they alone were responsible for what they did, while three were not able to give an opinion.

✧ The acts for which many of the boys were sent to the reformatory seem to have been a sort of reflex resistance to dull or disagreeable conditions of life, a blind effort to escape from monotony. The history book shows that the common offenses were disobedience, running away from home or school, and stealing articles of little or no value, such as candy, tobacco, knives, or small amounts of money. *The wish to have some fun was the prevailing motive with many.* In comparatively few instances did the things they took have much value, and most of these were articles which boys long for. They were generally bicycles, watches and guns. Only six boys out of two hundred and fifty-four stole money in excess of five dollars.

The lesson of the above is unmistakable—Recreation plus Education. There are in progress now two such plans in the form of public play grounds in San Francisco; one to be

open on Thanksgiving Day under the fostering care of the California Club, located on Hyde Street. The other will be in the Italian quarter of the city among the terraced houses, crouching with true old-world humility about the base of a church. The thought of the projectors of this play ground reaches toward a scheme of industrial training after the children are withdrawn from the evil influences of the street by means of their amusements—this way lies unlimited hope for the children reclaimed to God and gladness.

TO THE FRIENDS OF REFORM: Your attention is earnestly called to the Business Department page of this issue. It is the last page of the magazine, next to the advertisements.



Grandpa and the Children

“CHINOOK WINDS” the people call them. They always come when it is coldest, and their coming means that the biting frost will be chased away, and the snow will melt, and the freshness and sweetness of spring time will be over everything. The winds always bring a day or two of warmth over into the cold country, from the Pacific Coast, where it is always spring.

These winds are called “Chinooks” by the people of Montana and the Dakotas, because they come from the Western Coast, where the Chinook Indians live. They are warm because they have blown across the great warm currents in the Pacific Ocean. They are always a cause for joy, and they seem always to come when the weather is coldest and ice is thickest. They start upon the Washington and Oregon Coast, and blow straight toward the great Montana plains. They follow up the river valleys, slip between the tall, snow-topped mountains, and roll down into the country that Jack Frost is pinching, oh, so hard. The “Chinooks” come first to the cattle ranges. Sometimes they come when all the creeks and water-holes are frozen to the bottom, when the grass is covered with snow, and when the cattle are dying everywhere for want of food and drink. First, the air grows warmer and moister and a light gray cloud covers the whole sky. Then the snowdrifts begin to sink and shrink, and pretty soon water begins to run from them into the little creeks. The cattle know what it all means as soon as it begins, and they come trooping out of the ravines where they have been trying to hide from the cold which is everywhere. The “Chinook” melts all the snow and ice, and leaves the creeks full of water and the fine brown grass—

which always turns to hay under the autumn sun—uncovered so that the cattle may all go to dinner.

The wind, of course, has lost some of its warmth in doing all this, but it keeps on to the eastward. It drives the cold out of the mountains and plains of the Dakotas, and sometimes is even strong enough and warm enough to give the people of Minnesota a taste of Pacific Coast weather.

I started to write to you about Christmas, which will be here before I get to talk to you again. I wanted to give you a picture of what the Christ-spirit is as it comes down the ages. Like the western wind, it is warmth and freshness and blessing wherever it comes. It is like the western winds, too, in that it sometimes has so much to do that it seems to grow almost as cold and formal as the times to which it comes. But it is unlike the wind in two very important respects. It comes, not from one place or time only, but speeds forth from every man, woman, and child who really loves love and sweetness more than harshness and coldness; and it is revived, even after it has lost all its original warmth, by the loving hearts of those who are like the Christs in their love of love and strong human life.

Do you see what I am trying to say about Christmas? It is that it is the festival of kindness, sweetness, warmth, love, and truth, and that all these are to be made greater in the world by each one of us. Instead of being like the frozen plains, which take warmth, but are able only to send the wind on its way a little colder than it came, we may each of us be like the ocean currents which give always more than they take, and Christmas is to remind us of all this.

SANCTUM BRIEFS.

OUR readers will be interested to see something of Utah talent as set forth in this issue of THE COMING LIGHT. Miss Josephine Spencer, a recognized poet of Salt Lake City, and author of a book of clever short stories with leading socialistic tendencies, gives us a selection of verse showing rare perception of the beauties and harmonies of nature, combined with an imaginative fervor that is full of promise for her future work.

In the expression of her theme, the poet is felicitously aided by the artist, Mr. Harry A. Culmer, also a resident of Utah, and a mountain painter with a growing reputation on both sides of the Rockies. Mr. Culmer's opening illustration is a stretch of brine and beach of the Great Salt Lake, and is marked by the same strength and delicacy in touch that characterizes this artist's lake views in a recent copy of an Eastern magazine. Turning a leaf, the eye rests delightedly on his charming portrayal of the wild white Columbine—a flower familiar to every climber of Utah peaks. The grace and naturalness of these broken sprays fit admirably the exquisite imagery of the poem.

A third and last interpretation of the muse by Mr. Culmer is a glimpse of Lake Mary overtopped by Wasatch crags. This picture would make a companion piece to his "Cathedral Spires,"—a painting whose even splendor in color seems all compacted of infinitesimal grains of gold. In these, as in all of this artist's work, one discovers the fine, spiritual courage of the man back of the brush.

QUITE a number of our past year's subscribers have expired—that is, their subscriptions have expired, which is practically the same thing so far as their relation to THE COMING LIGHT is concerned. Now, old friends, we do not believe that you are really dead, or even that you are dead to us. We expect that on this hint you will speak out and assure us of your survival as against the wear and tear of this wearing and tearing old Universe. And the way in which you can make it unmistakably certain that you are yet above ground, and vitally animated, is by sending in your subscription along with the coin which is the material blood and sinew of the magazine. If you do, we promise that these pages will furnish nutriment and tonic which will keep you very *much alive* all through the year of 1899. Come on then, and enable us to say, not *Good Bye*, but *Welcome!*

Book Reviews.

WOMEN AND ECONOMICS, by Charloite Perkins Stetson: Small, Maynard & Co., publishers, Boston; 340 pages: The descriptive sub title is "A Study of the Economic relation between Men and Women as a Factor in Social Evolution." This is undeniably the most notable book of many a year in its bearing on problems of modern life. If, as Harriet Martineau said, "*to sew* has come to be considered a feminine verb, and *to write* a masculine one," the reading public should congratulate itself that Mrs. Stetson ignored the traditional grammar, and allowed her needle to stick idly in its cushion while she wielded the pen. The axis of thought in the book is the economic dependence of women and the combination of the economic relation with the sex-relation. This phenomenon is peculiar to the human family. In no other animal species does it obtain. Everywhere else in nature, until mankind is reached, the male and the female are practically independent in the activities by which a subsistence is secured. But with us, "speaking collectively, men produce and distribute wealth; and women receive it at their hands." Women have toiled to be sure, but their labor has been regarded as a functional duty, and not as employment. Thus the woman's status even as a worker has not been that of self support; she has only received her living as a dependent upon the man. And the all-important point is that she obtains her living from man, not in compensation for her industry, but because of her sex. This has tended to over-emphasize her sex-distinction, and to enhance the importance of her sex-attraction as the veritable means of livelihood, or at least the condition on which she is most likely to be maintained in comfort. This has modified the normal sex-tendency, common to all creatures, into "an abnormal sex-tendency, produced and maintained by the abnormal economic relation which makes one sex get its living from the other by the exercise of sex-functions." We have carried the case over into secondary distinctions, "differentiating our industries, our responsibilities, our very virtues, along sex lines." There is another very curious and abnormal difference, in that the woman gets her living by getting a husband, whereas the man gets his wife by getting a living. Thus in the one the economic necessity becomes a force falsely directed to the development of sex-attraction; in the other the sex-instinct acts as a false stimulus to economic activity. On both sides this is a vitiation of natural truth. On woman's side especially the resulting restrictions are an evil. She has been denied the use of her powers for production for practical economic results. Her part in the world has been to exercise the sex-function. Thus her path has been made very narrow and straight. And the world itself has suffered, inasmuch as it has left the racial functions undeveloped in woman, thus missing the service which she might have rendered in the broad human way.

How this intensification of sex-energy and exaggeration of sex-instinct has led to various abnormal developments; how it has warped the nature of woman and, at the same time and not less, the nature of man; how it has prevented the realization of a truly noble sex-life; how it has held back the appearance of that broad social spirit which fosters the higher development of humanity, how it has prevented the organization of an economic machinery in the interests of human needs rather than sexual ones; how it has precluded the collective and co-operative growth of man which might otherwise have been earlier possible; and how it has given origin to some of the most serious evils and vices of our history—all these subjects are ably presented and discussed in this remarkable volume. The book should be read by all the world. It would be a missionary undertaking worth the while to furnish the means to place it in every library in America and England, and especially to supply it to every teacher and student of modern economics. It challenges the new chivalry—the only true chivalry—of *justice* to womankind, and it points the way to a liberty which shall lead to life.

JAMES G. CLARK'S POEMS: The eagerly awaited volume of the poems of that seer-singer, James G. Clark, is now ready for sale and distribution among his numerous friends, who will never cease either to honor his memory or to cherish his noble songs in their hearts. In lieu of an independent notice of the book, we publish herewith a letter received by this department:

Editors Coming Light: We are glad to announce that a volume of the complete poetical works of James G. Clark, the people's poet, is now ready for the public. Folio 8 vo, 224 pp., fine quality heavy paper, bound in full cloth, gilt top, uncut, with introduction and portrait of author; price \$1.25; issued by the Champlin Printing Co., Columbus, Ohio. Send orders to Mrs. J. G. Jacobson, 1268 County Road, St. Anthony Park, Minnesota, or to my address, given below. We hope before long to be able to publish a volume of his songs and melodies, and afterward a volume of his prose essays. We again thank the good friends who so kindly paid their money in advance and have waited patiently this long while. Their books will be delivered early in December. Any directions as regards change of address should be made at once, notifying his daughter, Mrs. J. C. Jacobson, at the above address, not forgetting to give the old address that accompanied the subscription.

M. R. HAVENS, 830 Bellevue Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

THE *Arena* is now in the hands of Paul Tyner, of Denver, who has purchased a controlling interest in this radical review, founded in Boston by B. O. Flower about ten years ago, and the delayed October issue will very soon appear under Mr. Tyner's editorial direction. The new editor's name is familiar as a frequent contributor of articles on sociological subjects, and he has written much for the *Independent*, *Lend-a-Hand*, the *Congregationalist*, *New Unity*, *THE COMING LIGHT*, *Twentieth Century*, *Metaphysical Magazine*, as well as such English monthlies as the *Humanitarian* and the *Science Review*. He is also the author of several successful books, including "The Living Christ," a plea for practical Christianity; "Cash or Credit?" an essay on the currency question; and "Through the Invisible" and "The Captain's Dream," stories. As editor of *The Temple*, a monthly magazine published in Denver and devoted to the optimistic philosophy known as "the new thought," Mr. Tyner has done much to popularize and make practical the modern metaphysical movement, broadening its basis and emphasizing its larger application. Under the new editorship, *The Arena's* old policy will be developed and strengthened, so as to make the review indispensable to the large army of independent thinkers whose sympathies are with the social advance movement of the day.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

"The Greatest Thing Ever Known," by Ralph Waldo Trine; cloth: 56 pp. Price 35 cents.

"Life of Adolph Sutro," by Eugenia Kellogg Holmes; cloth; illustrated; 60 pp. Price not quoted.

"The Impending Crises," by A. Stockham; paper. Price 25 cents.

"The Society of the Future," by Leonard D. Abbott.

"The Coming Civilization," by C. A. Hedrick.

Our Boys Journal, a weekly paper published in the interest of the Eureka Boys Home, San Francisco. Subscribe for it and help the helpless. Price \$1.00 per year. Published at 123 Ellis Street, San Francisco.

Truth and Freedom, a monthly magazine published at Fitchburg, Mass. Fifty cents per year.

Shelton's paper, *Christian*, published at Little Rock, Arkansas, is out in enlarged form. Success to it.

Dr. A. Sivartha's "Book of Life" is in press. Notice later.

PEOPLE are beginning to appreciate the value of our advertising columns. A rare chance for an inexpensive Christmas present is offered in the telescope advertised in our pages; also the skirt supporter which every woman needs and which can be secured for a mere trifle. We mention also the line of specially fine gloves advertised by Newman & Levison.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT OF THE COMING LIGHT

ATTENTION! If our subscribers and readers are half awake to the present day situation, they will do something to help establish this magazine. There is not a single question of public and social importance that is as yet settled. Every institution of society needs to be examined, rejudged and perhaps reconstructed. It is therefore of great importance to have papers and magazines which are open to the freest and most candid discussion of all these open questions. Such a publication is provided in THE COMING LIGHT. To sustain it is accordingly a work of duty—and we hope it it will be esteemed as also a work of love. And certain it is that what our subscribers and readers do, or fail to do in this regard, *will determine the future of the magazine.*

Get one subscriber for THE COMING LIGHT. Get more if possible, but *don't rest till you get at least one subscriber.*

We call attention again to our beautiful and valuable premiums, as described in the first few advertising pages of this month's issue. The Yucca Paintings and Etchings are among the finest premiums ever offered anywhere. Even one new subscription will secure for you one of these exquisite pieces of art work. Two, three, four, five, or six subscribers will receive the larger and more costly specimens. Also one new subscriber, along with your own renewal, will bring you a copy of that beautiful book of poems—*Mother Soul.*

Then there is our tempting Clubbing list, to be found on the second page following this. Here you will find a chance to secure at greatly reduced rates some of the best of the standard magazines and papers.

These various inducements, it would seem, might spur you all up. Let us hear from you, and with ample returns.

Letters have already begun to reach us containing renewals and orders for three to five yearly subscribers each, for friends as Christmas presents. This is encouraging and a worthy example, which if followed by a few more of our readers will mean a glad new year not only to THE COMING LIGHT corps, but to the fortunate friends receiving a Christmas remembrance which will last all the year.

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CLUBBING LIST

READ IT AND SEE HOW MONEY CAN BE SAVED

We print herewith a list of some of the leading publications which we can furnish in combination with THE COMING LIGHT. In every case our subscribers can save money by ordering of us. The prices do not apply to foreign subscriptions. The first column gives the combined cost at regular prices; the second column the reduced cost at club prices.

	Combined Cost at Regular Rates.	Our Price. For the Two.
Harper's Magazine, New York	\$5.00	\$4.00
Harper's Bazaar, New York	5.00	4.25
Harper's Weekly, New York	5.00	4.25
Weekly Tribune, New York	2.00	1.75
Weekly Times, New York	2.00	1.75
Thrice-a-Week-World, New York	2.00	1.75
The Century, New York	5.00	4.50
St. Nicholas, New York	4.00	3.60
Scribner's Magazine, New York	4.00	3.59
The Cosmopolitan, New York	2.00	1.60
McClure's Magazine, New York	2.00	1.75
Unity, Kansas City, Mo.	2.00	1.50
Lippincott's Magazine, Philadelphia	4.00	3.00
Review of Reviews	2.50	3.00
Frank Leslie's Weekly, New York	5.00	4.50
Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, New York	2.00	1.60
National Tribune, Washington, D. C.	2.00	1.75
Delineator, New York	2.00	1.90
Inter-Ocean, Weekly, Chicago	2.00	1.50
Peterson's Magazine, Philadelphia	2.00	1.75
Esoteric, Applegate, Calif.	2.00	1.20
Weekly Examiner, San Francisco	2.50	1.85
Weekly Chronicle, San Francisco	2.50	1.85
Weekly Call, San Francisco	2.50	1.85
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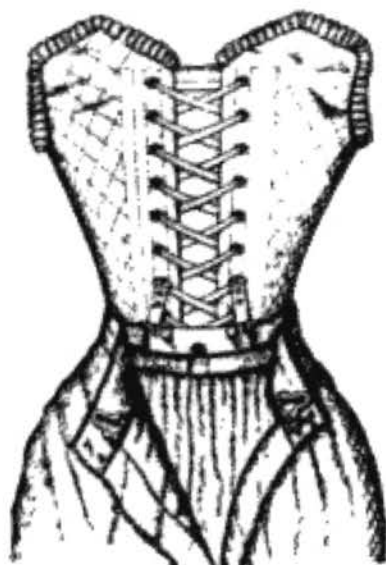
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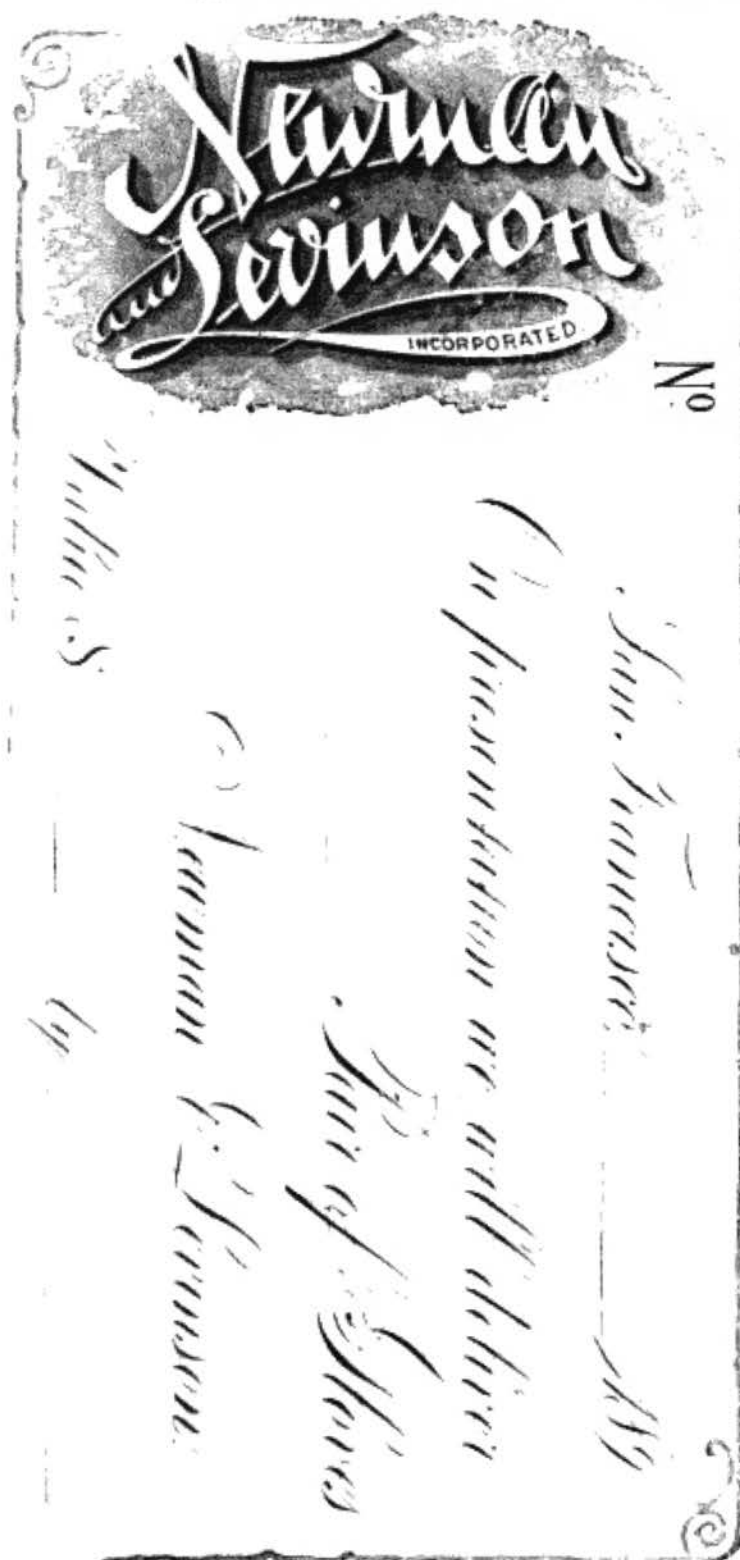
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